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BRUIN'S BOXING-MATCH.

BY CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

It was a dreamy, sun-drenched September afternoon. The wide shallow river was rippling with a mellow noise over its golden pebbles. Back from the river, upon both banks, the yellow grain-fields and blue-green patches of turnips slanted gently to the foot of the wooded hills. A little distance down-stream stood two horses, fetlock-deep in the water, drinking.

Near the top of the bank, where the gravel had thinned off into yellow sand, and the sand was beginning to bristle with the scrubby bushes of the sand-plum, lay the trunk of an ancient oak-tree. In the effort to split this gnarled and seasoned timber, Jake Simmons and I were expending the utmost of our energies. Our axes had proved unequal to the enterprise, so we had been at last compelled to call in the aid of a heavy maul and hardwood wedges.

With the axes we had accomplished a slight split in one end of the prostrate giant. An ax-blade held this open while we inserted a hardwood wedge, which we drove home with repeated blows of the maul till the crack was widened, whereupon, of course, the ax dropped out.

The maul—a huge, long-handled mallet, so

heavy as to require both hands to wield it—was made of the sawed-off end of a small oak log, and was bound around with two hoops of wrought-iron to keep it from splitting. This implement was wielded by Jake, with a skill born of years in the backwoods.

Suddenly, as Jake was delivering a tremendous blow on the head of the wedge, the maul flew off its handle, and pounded down the bank, making the sand and gravel fly in a way that bore eloquent witness to Jake's vigor. The sinewy old woodsman toppled over and, losing his balance, sat down in a thicket of sand-plums.

Of course I laughed, and so did Jake; but our temperate mirth quieted down, and Jake, picking himself up out of the sand-plums, went to recapture the errant maul. As he set it down on the timber and proceeded to refit the handle to it, he was all at once quite overcome with merriment. He laughed and laughed, not loudly, but with convulsive inward spasms, till I began to feel indignant at him. When mirth is not contagious, it is always exasperating. Presently he sat down on the log and gasped, holding his sides.

"Don't be such an old fool, Jake," said I, rudely; at which he began to laugh again, with the intolerable relish of one who holds the monopoly of a joke.

"I don't see anything so excruciatingly funny," I grumbled, "in the head flying off of an old maul, and a long-legged old idiot sitting down hard in the sand-plum patch. That there maul might just as well as not have hit me on

the Madawaska woods, that struck me as just about the funniest I ever heard tell of. I 'most died laughing over it at the time, and whenever I think of it even now it breaks me all up."

Here he paused and eyed me.

"But I don't believe *you* 'd see anything funny in it, because you did n't see it," he continued in his slow and drawling tones, "so I reckon I won't bother telling you."



"A YOUNG BEAR WAS LOOKING AT THE MAUL, AS IF HE DID N'T KNOW WHAT TO MAKE OF IT." (SEE PAGE 269.)

the head, and maybe you 'd have called *that* the best joke of the season."

"Bless your sober soul!" answered Jake, "it ain't that I 'm laughing at."

I was not going to give him the satisfaction of asking him for his story, so I proceeded to fix a new wedge and hammer it in with my ax. Jake was too full of his reminiscence to be chilled by my apparent lack of interest. Presently he drew out a short pipe, filled it with tobacco, and remarked:

"When I picked up that there maul-head, I was reminded of something I saw once up in

Then he picked up the handle of the maul as if to resume work.

I still kept silence, resolved not to ask for the story. Jake was full of anecdotes picked up in the lumbering camps, and, though he was a good workman, he would gladly stop any time to smoke his pipe, or to tell a story.

But he kept chuckling over his own thoughts until I could n't do a stroke of work. I saw I had to give in, and I surrendered.

"Oh, go along and let's have it!" said I, dropping the ax and seating myself on the log in an attitude of most inviting attention.

This encouragement was what Jake was waiting for.

"Did you ever see a bear box?" he inquired. I had seen some performances of that sort, but as Jake took it for granted I



"THE MAUL SWUNG AWAY, AND CAME BACK QUICK." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

box some, now, I tell you. But I've seen one clean knocked out by an old maul without a handle, just like this one here; and there was n't any man at the end of it either."

Here Jake paused to indulge in a prolonged chuckle as the scene unrolled itself anew before his mind's eye.

"It happened this way: A couple of us were splitting slabs in the Madawaska woods along in the fall, when, all of a sudden, the head of the maul flew off, as this 'ere one did. Bill, however,— Bill Goodin was the name of the fellow with me,— was n't so lucky as you were in getting out of the way. The maul struck a tree, glanced, and took Bill on the side of the knee. It keeled

him over so he could n't do any more work that day, and I had to help him back to the camp. Before we left, I took a bit of cod-line out of my pocket, ran it through the eye of the maul,



had n't, and did n't wait for a reply, I refrained from saying so.

"Well, a bear can



"HE STOOD UP TO IT." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

and strung the maul up to a branch so it would be easier to find when I wanted it.

"It was maybe a week before I went for that maul—a little more than a week, I should say; and then, it being of a Saturday afternoon, when there was no work to do, and Bill's leg being so much better that he could hobble alone, he and I thought we'd stroll over to where we'd been splitting, and bring the maul in to camp.

"When we got pretty near the place, and could see through the trees the maul hanging there where we had left it, Bill all of a sudden grabbed me sharp by the arm, and whispered, 'Keep still!'

"'What is it?' said I, under my breath, looking all around.

"'Use your eyes if you've got any,' said he; and I stared through the branches in the direction he was looking. But there was a trunk in the way. As soon as I moved my head a bit, I saw what he was watching. There was a fine, young bear sitting back on his haunches,



and looking at the maul as if he did n't know what to make of it.

Probably that bear had once been hurt in a trap, and hanging from the limb of a tree was something different from anything he'd ever seen before. Wondering what he was going to do,

we crept a little nearer, without makin' any noise, and crouched down behind a spruce-bush.

"The bear was maybe a couple of yards from the maul, and watching it as if he thought it



might get down any moment and come at him. A little gust of

"A WHACK THAT MUST HAVE MADE HIM JUST SEE STARS."

wind came through the trees and set the maul swinging a bit. He did n't like this, and backed off a few feet. The maul swung some more, and he drew off still further; and as soon as it was quite still again, he sidled around it at a prudent distance and investigated it from the other side of the tree.

"The blame fool is scared of it," whispered Bill, scornfully; 'let 's fling a rock at him!'

"No," said I, knowing bears pretty well; 'let 's wait and see what he 's going to do.'

"Well, when the maul had been pretty still for a minute or two, the bear appeared to make up his mind it did n't amount to much after all; he came right close up to it as bold as you like, and pawed it kind of inquiringly. The maul swung away, and, being hung short, it came back quick and took the bear a smart rap on the nose.

"Bill and I both snickered, but the bear did n't hear us. He was mad right off, and with a snort he hit the maul a pretty good cuff; back it came like greased lightning, and took him again square on the snout with a whack that must have made him just see stars.

"Bill and I could hardly hold ourselves; but even if we had laughed right out I don't be-

lieve that bear would have noticed us, he was so mad. You know a bear's snout is mighty tender. Well, he grunted and snorted and rooted around in the leaves a bit, and then went back at the maul as if he was just going to knock it into the other side of to-morrow. He stood up to it, and he did hit it so hard that it seemed to disappear for half a second. It swung right over the limb, and, while he was looking for it, it came down on the top of his head. Great Scott! how he roared! And then, scratching his head with one paw, he went at it again with the other, and hit it just the same way he 'd hit it before. I tell you, Bill and I pretty near burst as we saw that maul fly over the limb again and come down on the top of his head just like the first time. You 'd have thought it would have cracked his skull; but a bear's head is as hard as they make them.

"This time the bear, after rubbing his head and his snout, and rooting some more in the leaves, sat back and seemed to consider. In a second or two he went up to the maul and tried to take hold of it with one paw; of course it slipped right away, and you 'd have thought it was alive to see the sharp way it dodged back and caught him again on the nose. It was n't much of a



whack this time,

but that nose was tender enough, then!

"WHILE HE WAS LOOKING FOR IT, IT CAME DOWN ON TOP OF HIS HEAD."

And the bear got des-

perate. He grabbed for the maul with both paws; and that way, of course, he got it. With one pull he snapped the cod-line, and the victory was his.



"HE SAT BACK AND SEEMED TO CONSIDER." (SEE PAGE 270.)

"After tumbling the maul about for a while, trying to chew it and claw it to pieces, and getting nothing to show for his labor, he appeared absolutely disgusted. He sat down

and glared at the bit of iron-bound oak lying so innocent in the leaves, and kept feeling at his snout in a puzzled sort of way. Then all of a sudden he gave it up as a bad job, and ambled off into the woods in a hurry as if he 'd just remembered something."



"HE TRIED TO CLAW IT TO PIECES."

THE LITTLE BROWN CRICKET THAT LIVED IN THE WALL.

(Jingle.)

BY SARA M. CHATFIELD.

ROSA went to her grandma's last summer, in June,
And she stayed until late in the fall;
But the very best friend that she made while away

Was the cricket that lived in the wall.
The little brown cricket that lived in the wall,
As merry as merry could be,
He danced all the day and he sang all the night—
The gayest of good companie.

"Good-by, little cricket," said Rosa, at last,
"I'm sorry to leave you so soon;
But do not forget me; I'm coming again;
I'm coming next summer, in June.

I wish I could take you away to my house,
But you would n't enjoy it at all,
For there is n't a bit of a garden, you see,
Nor a dear little hole in the wall."

As Rosa lay nestled that night in her bed,
She heard from her trunk in the hall
A queer little "creakity-creakity-creak"—

'T was the cricket that lived in the wall!
The little brown cricket that lived in the wall
Had taken a journey, you see.

And he danced and he "creakled" the long
winter through—
The gayest of good companie.

THE LAST VOYAGE OF THE "CONSTITUTION."

By S. G. W. BENJAMIN.



ONE OF THE REMAINING PIECES OF THE ORIGINAL "CONSTITUTION."

THE famous frigate "Constitution," often known as "Old Ironsides," was launched September 20, 1797, and she therefore lacks only two years of being a century old. She is the most famous ship in the history of the United States, and in her renown rivals the celebrated line-of-battle ship "Victory," Lord Nelson's flag-ship at the battle of Trafalgar. She has been, indeed, what is called a lucky ship. She never lost a battle, she never fell into the hands of the enemy, and she never was disabled by a storm. Many narrow escapes she has had in her long and prosperous career, and she has come triumphant out of all her adventures. Like the Constitution of the United States, after which she was named, she has withstood every danger that threatened, and is a fitting type of the Ship of State.

Of course, during her seventy-five years of active service the Constitution often needed to be repaired. But although the material in her has been often replaced, she always continued the same ship, just as the human body is the same body of the same person, though its substance is constantly changing. In 1830 it was decided that the good frigate Constitution would hardly warrant the cost of repairs, especially when the nature of modern naval warfare was considered. She was therefore condemned, and was about to be broken up when Oliver Wendell Holmes's famous ode appeared, beginning, "Ay, tear her tattered en-

sign down." The poet shamed Congress, and it was decided to repair once more the old warship. She took several cruises after that, and once carried a load of wheat to the starving poor of Ireland. On that voyage she went ashore, and being old, there was every reason why she should have left her bones on the coast; but, with her usual good luck, the Constitution got off without serious damage and returned to her native land.

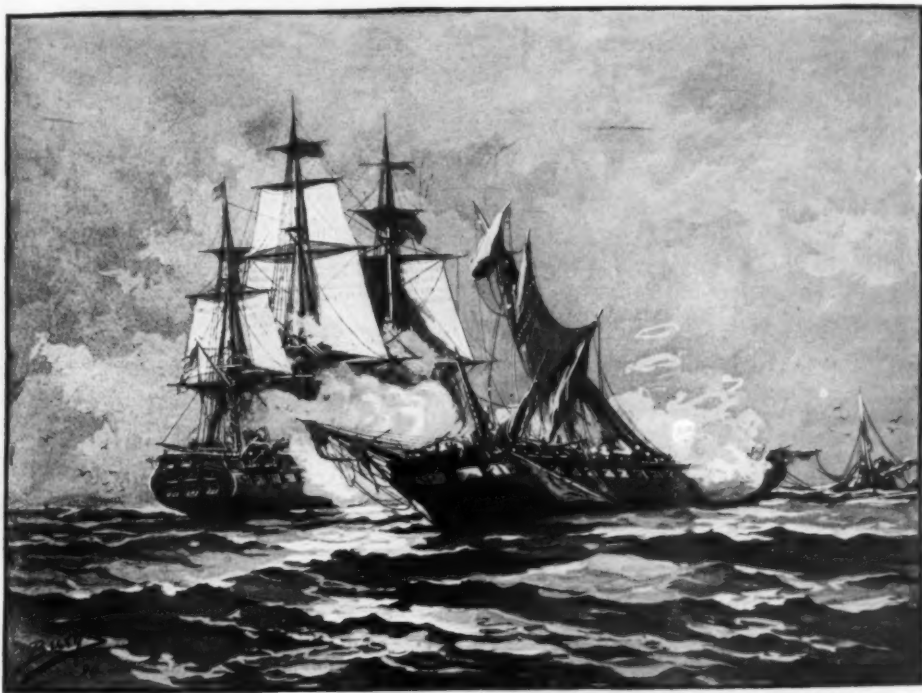
But a day came at last when no further repairs would avail, and a government which pays little for sentiment, would spend nothing to keep up a ship which had contributed so much to the glory of our ship-builders, of our brave seamen, and of our starry flag. The Constitution, leaky and dismantled, was lying at the Brooklyn Navy-yard, awaiting her doom. Happily the government again relented in her favor. It was decided that she should not be broken up. As long as her old timbers would hold together she should be allowed to float, but not with her trim masts and spars, as if still a living monument of our naval pride. No; they would not break her up, but they would send her into an obscure exile, where few could see her and where she would soon be forgotten and gradually wear away. Sometimes I think it would have been nobler to take the old frigate out to sea, and piercing her sides with a volley of guns, let her sink into the bosom of the element which had borne her proud form to so many victories.

It was decided to lay the old Constitution by the side of a row of disabled hulks, among them the British frigate "Macedonian" which was captured by the frigate "United States," eighty-three years ago. They lie in a line called "Rotten Row" at the Navy-yard of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, like scarred and decrepit pensioners in a hospital waiting, forgotten, for their last hour while the busy world rolls on.

The old ship was in too crazy a condition to go around under canvas, even if she had had the necessary spars and sails. She was leaking two feet a day while simply lying at the wharf in the Brooklyn Navy-yard. She was therefore to be towed to Portsmouth in the windy month of October. But whether she would ever get there at all was considered sufficiently doubtful for a naval friend of mine to urge me to decline the cordial invitation which I had received to go in the ship on her last voyage.

a cruise in her palmy days the Constitution had carried fifty-four guns and a crew of nearly 400 men; but now she was deprived of her batteries, and only a handful of jolly tars were necessary. Every man had his place assigned to him in the boats, and I was told, in case of an *accident*, not to wait, but to make at once for the boat in which I had a place assigned me.

It was about eight bells, or the hour of noon, when the word went around that all was ready. I climbed up the black sides of the famous



THE "CONSTITUTION'S" VICTORY OVER THE "GUERRIÈRE," AUGUST 19, 1812.

To make the matter still more doubtful, the vessel appointed to tow the Constitution was the old "Powhatan," a slow, paddle-wheel war-steamer, herself in such condition that she also was condemned not long after this voyage. It was a case of the blind leading the blind.

Lieutenant William H. Jacques, a well-known and skilful officer, who is distinguished for his enterprise in the gun-foundries at Bethlehem, was in command. A number of bright naval cadets accompanied him. When manned for

frigate by the narrow ladder of cleats built into her planking, clinging to the man-ropes, and for the first time stepped on the deck of the old Constitution. It was a proud moment in my life. The lofty bulwarks were there as of old, but only two guns were seen where once formidable batteries had thundered destruction to the foe; and only a few mariners appeared where once the decks swarmed with hundreds of armed seamen prepared to answer the summons for boarders. The lofty spars were partly

gone, only the lower masts and topmasts remaining and the lower yards. The old ship seemed to me like an aged lion of the desert,

hatan tooted over the East River; the officer of the deck looked over the side to see if all was clear; hawsers were cast off; and the vessels be-



THE REBUILDING OF THE "CONSTITUTION" IN 1844.

whose eyes are dim, whose teeth are gone, and whose last roar has rung over the wastes of Sahara.

And yet a thrill of exultation ran through my veins as I thought that Hull and Preble and Bainbridge and Stewart and Decatur had walked that quarterdeck, and from it had issued the commands that had imparted such splendor to the United States navy. Those gallant officers passed away long ago, but while the ship they guided to victory exists they need no other monument to recall achievements whose skill and daring will never be surpassed while the Stars and Stripes float over the seas.

The boatswain's shrill whistle rang through the ship; the hoarse steam-whistle of the Pow-

gan to draw away from the wharves. The sun, which had been somewhat overcast, came out and shone brightly over the scene, and the Constitution was off on her last voyage.

The progress of the ships was naturally slow, and especial care was required amid the rushing mazes of Hell Gate; for the rocks which imparted such dangers to that hazardous passage had not yet been blasted. The night proved to be magnificent. There was a fresh breeze, and the dark, clear heavens were filled with a countless multitude of stars. On both sides, along the shores of the Sound, the lights of cities seemed unusually bright, as if there were illuminations in honor of the old ship; and at frequent intervals the flames of lighthouses and light-

ships marked our eastward course. It was not until late that I "turned in." The quarters assigned to me were in the state-room which had been occupied by Commodore Hull.

general inner plan remained unaltered, yet during the frequent repairs which she had undergone every part of her frame and planking had gradually been replaced, in some cases two or three times; but these bitts, being of sound oak, had been retained through every change, as a memorial of the original frame.

We passed safely through Vineyard Sound, Martha's Vineyard on our right, and the Elizabeth Islands—Naushawena and its companions—on our left, and headed toward Nantucket, famed for its whalers and hardy mariners. Night was coming on, and bringing with it a gale of wind. The Constitution was in no condition to weather



Daylight found us passing out of the Sound near Fisher's Island. But as we entered on the broad ocean we encountered a heavy swell, and a moaning wind from the southwest, singing sadly in the shrouds, foretold a change of weather and a coming storm. The glass also was falling. But as the gale would probably not blow before night, we kept on our course. In looking about the ship, there was shown a pair of bitts, or blocks of wood to which hawsers or other large ropes are made fast. These, I was told, were almost the only remaining pieces of the original Constitution, as she was when she went into her first battle. While all her lines and



an Atlantic storm, especially an October storm, and on a lee shore; for the wind was coming out from the northeast, and we should have had Cape Cod under our lee. It was an occasion that called for prudence and not for daring. If you will look

THE BOW AND THE STERN OF THE "CONSTITUTION," AS HOUSED IN THE NAVY-YARD, PORTSMOUTH. DRAWN ON THE SPOT IN 1894.



"OLD IRONSIDES" ON HER LAST VOYAGE.—THE "CONSTITUTION" TOWED BY THE "POWHATAN" FROM NEW YORK TO PORTSMOUTH.

on the map, you will see that at the east end of Nantucket the land turns a sharp angle to the north, terminating in Great Point. This angle forms a breakwater against easterly storms, and behind it vessels can lie in safety in any wind from northeast to southwest. It was decided to make for this sheltered bay, and there ride out the storm, which was coming on fast. It was already thick and raining, there was a heavy easterly swell, and the blasts shrieked with redoubled force. I think all of us on board both ships felt a sense of relief when we heard the cables rattling as the anchors dropped to the sandy bottom.

It blew hard that night, and all the next day. About eleven A. M. a boat went up into Nantucket port with some of the cadets; but I preferred to remain on board, grudging to lose a moment from the enjoyment of being on the old Constitution in her last cruise.

As I walked the deck, wrapped to the eyes in a warm overcoat and protected by a huge sou'wester, I thought of the thrilling incident which occurred on the Constitution when she was lying at anchor, on a previous occasion, off a milder coast than the bleak shores of New England. It was in Port Mahon, then one of the Mediterranean stations of our cruisers.

Commodore Hull was in command. He had with him his son, a bright, active lad of ten or twelve.

One morning, when the commodore was on shore, the boy began to play with the pet monkey of the crew. The monkey suddenly snatched off his cap, and started up the rigging with it. The boy pursued, and after a lively chase succeeded in recovering the cap, which he hung triumphantly on the topgallant yard-arm, and then sat on the yard to rest himself. He then took it into his head to "shin" up to the main-truck. This is a small wooden disk which caps the top of a mast; it has sheave-holes through which run the halyards that hoist the colors to the masthead. The truck of the Constitution was perhaps a scant foot in diameter. Having reached the truck, the foolhardy lad proceeded to climb on to it and actually stand upon the truck, perched in the air 180 feet above the water. In European men-of-war the stays reach up to the truck, and sailors who have tried this perilous feat have been able to get down by means of the stays. But the stays of the Constitution did not reach within five or six feet of the truck, and there was no possible way for the lad to climb down. His death appeared inevitable. The whole crew stood

aghast with horror, every instant expecting to see the boy lose his balance and fall, when he must be crushed upon the deck.

In the mean time some one on shore had carried to Commodore Hull news of his son's perilous position. The man who had quailed not when the balls of the enemy's batteries sung about his ears, trembled now. He sprang into his boat, and ordered the crew to pull off to the frigate as if for their lives. On reaching the ship, he ordered a musket to be brought to him. Having cocked it, the commodore aimed the gun at his son, and fiercely shouted: "Jump, or I 'll shoot you!"

The lad hesitated a moment; then, perhaps for the first time fully realizing his awful peril, he gathered himself together and sprang out to clear the side of the ship. With the rush of a hawk diving on its prey, the boy plunged into the sea, fortunately feet foremost. As he rose to the surface, a dozen sailors plunged in to bring him on board.

It was found that the reckless boy had received no serious injury, in spite of the dive.

But it would be an endless task to recount the adventures and achievements recalled by the old ship. I must tell of her last voyage.

On the following day the wind appeared about to veer to the northwest. By looking on the map you will see that this would have changed Great Point from a breakwater into a lee shore. To explain our position more clearly I will say that so long as the wind blew from the northeast around to the south, the island protected the ships from the brunt of the big seas. But as soon as it should shift from south to northwest we should get the full force of the sea as well as of the wind, and might be driven on shore if it blew

hard. In order to prevent this peril, which had been foreseen, the boatswain's lively whistle rang through the frigate, piping the crew to the windlass to get up the anchors; and the cheery squeak of the fife was soon heard encouraging the men as they worked at the windlass.

Then the old Powhatan towed the Constitution over to Chatham Roads, at what is called the heel of Cape Cod; and there we anchored. The wind blew very hard all night out of the



COMMODORE ISAAC HULL, ONE OF THE FAMOUS COMMANDERS OF THE "CONSTITUTION."

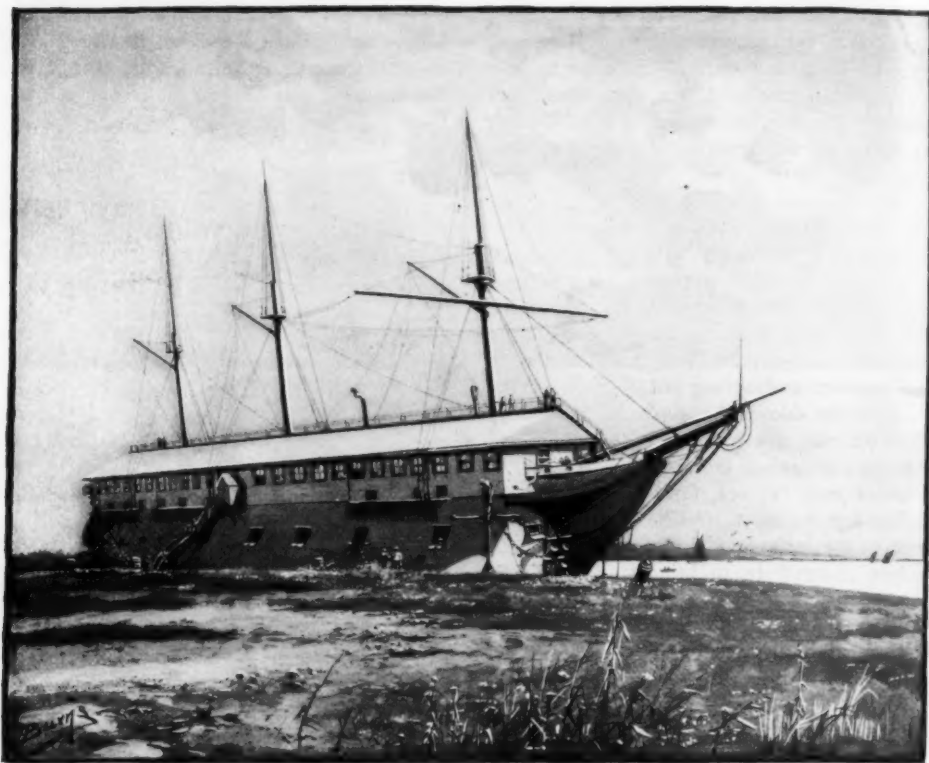
northwest; but, as may be seen at a glance on the chart, we were under the lee of the land, and lay as snug as possible, surrounded by a fleet of schooners which had also sought shelter under Cape Cod.

By the next afternoon the weather had moderated, and it was thought best to make another attempt to reach Portsmouth. At that season the fine weather would not last long, and the stretch across Massachusetts Bay, although not

very long, was hazardous for a ship in the condition of the Constitution.

The fleet of schooners made sail and put to sea when we did. The sun was setting with unusual splendor, attended by a troop of

heavy swell from the late storm as we headed out toward the open sea; but, on the whole, everything promised a quiet night across the bay, and every heart on board bounded with exultation under the influence of this inspiring



THE "CONSTITUTION," AS SEEN TO-DAY, IN THE NAVY-YARD AT PORTSMOUTH.

clouds hued in purple and gold. Like a triumphant escort the fleet danced lightly over the sparkling waves around the frigate, their sails rosy in the sun's departing rays; they looked like a flock of sea-fowl at play. The central object in this magnificent scene—the grand old frigate—glided slowly and majestically toward her last home. It was a spectacle never surpassed in our naval annals, and never to be forgotten. It really seemed as if the old ship, instead of being a fabric of wood and iron, was a hero whose gray hair was encircled by wreaths of victory.

There was a fresh westerly breeze and a

scene. At that moment the Constitution rose on a higher swell than usual, then sank with quick but easy motion into the hollow of the sea, and with a fearfully sudden shock struck at the center of her keel on a shoal. She rose on the next wave, and, again descending, struck with even greater violence.

For a moment every one seemed paralyzed; the cook, who was as black as Egypt, sprang up the hatchway with eyes starting out of his head and a complexion several shades lighter than usual.

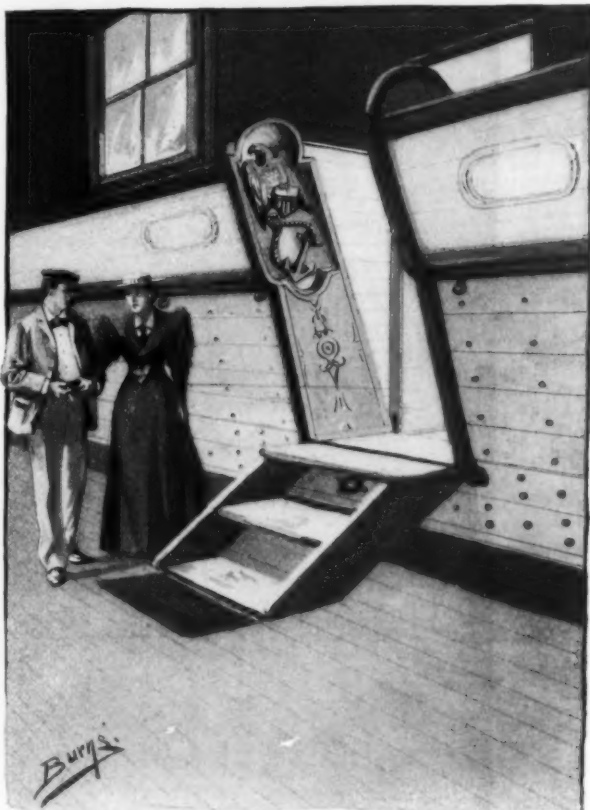
But I well remember that the first and chief thought that came to my own mind at that

moment was: "Has the old Constitution found her grave here at last?"

The loud cry to try the pumps rang through the ship. This being done, it was found that the leak had doubled; but as it did not increase beyond that degree, it was concluded that the old frigate was in no immediate danger, and would probably float until we could get her to Portsmouth, unless the weather should again become stormy. I am firmly of the opinion, which you may call a superstition if you please, that if it had been any other ship than the ever lucky Constitution, this accident would have been the end of her. All night we glided slowly past the sand-dunes of Cape Cod, the dull boom of the surf coming to us, borne on the land breeze. At sunrise we were off Cape Ann. The sky looked threatening and uncanny, and we counted the hours before we could see the old ship safe from the perils of the deep. She was now in a region where she had achieved one of her most famous exploits. In April, 1814, being under command of Captain Charles Stewart, and on the return from a long cruise, the Constitution fell in with two large English frigates. They gave chase, and, as she was overmatched, she was headed for Marblehead. With her usual good fortune she reached that port first; while the enemy retired, baffled, from the pursuit when they saw the hardy fishermen of Marblehead throwing up batteries at the harbor mouth.

About noon we passed White Island Light, Isles of Shoals, and soon after the Whaleback lighthouse, guarding the mouth of the Piscataqua. Then proceeding up the narrow, winding channel, we anchored off the navy-yard, Portsmouth. The Constitution was assigned a place with the old ships ranged in a line called Rotten Row. And there she

still lies, the only one left of that venerable group of naval pensioners. In a few years more nothing will be left of the Constitution but a memory and a name. There is something very pathetic about the old hulk, moored by the wharf of the navy-yard, entirely alone. A roof has been built over her to fit her for a receiving-ship, but it sadly disfigures her appearance. She cannot last long without repairs repeated from time to time. And yet, as a matter of patri-



GANGWAY ON BOARD THE "CONSTITUTION." THE CARVED SIDE IS PART OF THE ORIGINAL VESSEL.

otism, she ought to be repaired and preserved, as nearly as possible, as she formerly looked. It would cost only a few thousand dollars. Do not the people of the United States, who owe so much of the national glory to her, owe it to themselves now to keep up the old ship?

ELSIE'S BROTHER.

—
BY ROBERT BEVERLY HALE.
—



Do you know Jack? He 's hard to know!
I know him, though—because, you see,
I met him thirteen years ago
When I was born and he was three.

We've always been together since
 I left the nursery — since the days
 When I was Duke and he was Prince;
 And so we know each other's ways.

He never has two words to say;
 But when it comes the time to act,
 No matter what comes in the way,
 He's a Niagara cataract.

He does speak sometimes — times when we
 Have found the world too hard and rough:

Then Jack just says that he likes me
 And I like him, and that 's enough.

Jack's a real hero, to my mind,
 Good as the old ones every bit.
 He 's big and strong and brave and kind;
 And that 's a hero, is n't it?

Look! here he comes. My! how it snows!
 "Come in, Jack, quick! — or I shall scold.
 Now for that ulster! Off it goes!
 How did you get your hands so cold?"

JINGLES.

AN OPENING FOR CHEMISTS.

BY ANNA M. PRATT.

PROFESSOR DE BOMBAST was heard to remark,
 "For saccharine food I have feelings of odium;
 And whenever I eat
 Potatoes and meat,
 I like them well seasoned with chloride of
 sodium."

His neighbors all said that, clearly enough,
 His complexion was spoiled by such poisonous
 stuff;
 Though any young chemist with good powers of
 reasoning
 Might prove to the neighbors 't is excellent
 seasoning.

WERE I THE SUN.

BY AMOS R. WELLS.

I 'd always shine on holidays,
 Were I the sun;
 On sleepy heads I 'd never gaze,
 But focus all my morning rays
 On busy folks of bustling ways,
 Were I the sun.

VOL. XXII.—36.

I would not melt a sledding snow,
 Were I the sun;
 Nor spoil the ice where skaters go,
 Nor help those useless weeds to grow,
 But hurry melons on, you know,
 Were I the sun.

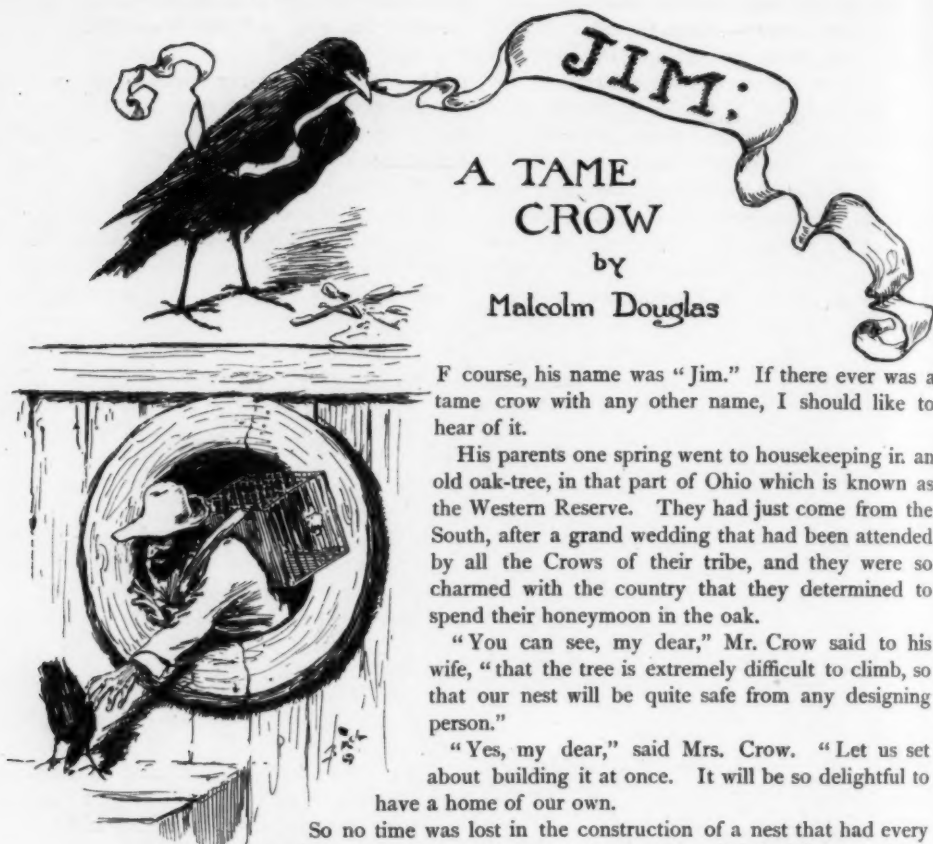
I 'd warm the swimming-pool just right,
 Were I the sun;
 On school-days I would hide my light,
 The Fourth I 'd always give you bright,
 Nor set so soon on Christmas night,
 Were I the sun.

I would not heed such paltry toys,
 Were I the sun —
 Such work as grown-up men employs;
 But I would favor solid joys,—
 In short, I 'd run the world for boys,
 Were I the sun!

IT WAS SHUT.

BY J. T. GREENLEAF.

"SAM, shut the shutter," Mother Hyde
 Called, with her cap-strings all a-flutter.
 "I've shut the shutter," Sam replied;
 "And I can't shut it any shutter."



Of course, his name was "Jim." If there ever was a tame crow with any other name, I should like to hear of it.

His parents one spring went to housekeeping in an old oak-tree, in that part of Ohio which is known as the Western Reserve. They had just come from the South, after a grand wedding that had been attended by all the Crows of their tribe, and they were so charmed with the country that they determined to spend their honeymoon in the oak.

"You can see, my dear," Mr. Crow said to his wife, "that the tree is extremely difficult to climb, so that our nest will be quite safe from any designing person."

"Yes, my dear," said Mrs. Crow. "Let us set about building it at once. It will be so delightful to have a home of our own."

So no time was lost in the construction of a nest that had every modern convenience for crows. It was beautiful building weather.

By and by there were four eggs in the nest. Every one hatched, and Mr. and Mrs. Crow were delighted. They stuffed their young with the finest earthworms that the market afforded, and at the first suggestion of pin-feathers they were as proud and happy as your parents were when you were beginning to have your first tooth. They had such a keen sense for the ridiculous, that every time they came home and saw those four funny, featherless heads, with mouths wide agape, looking east, west, north, and south, they would scream out, "Ha! ha! ha!"

"I hope none of them will ever be afraid of a scarecrow," said the fond father fervently. "When they are old enough, I shall teach them how to go into a farmer's corn-field, and keep just a yard out of gunshot."

Now, close beside the oak there grew a beech-tree. When they built their nest, Mr. and Mrs. Crow had never once given the beech-tree a thought. It was very easy to climb, and after one had got to the top, it was possible by means of a long pole to dislodge the nest from the other tree.

That is precisely what was done one day. Down fluttered the four young crows to the ground, while their outraged parents circled about in helpless consternation. But no amount of cawing could prevent this wholesale abduction. It is to be hoped that with their other offspring they were more fortunate, and that all lived to be a comfort to them in their old age.

Two of the young crows that were taken captive lived. One turned out to be a rather stupid fellow, with nothing to distinguish him but his voracious appetite. It was very evident that the particular Jim of whom I write was the brilliant member of the family; he had brains enough for a whole regiment of crows.

His was a most forgiving disposition, I imagine, for he soon grew very fond of his abductor. Think of your ever liking any one who had stolen you from your parents! Perhaps he was too young at the time to know the truth.

At all events, he thrived amazingly on the earthworms and the shreds of raw meat that were fed to him. When he was clothed in a regulation jet-black suit, his wings were clipped so that he could not take French leave and fly away. This was a needless precaution, however. Jim was too much attached to his surroundings ever to leave them willingly. When it was thought that he could be trusted implicitly, his wings were allowed to grow so that he could fly anywhere he liked.

Strangely enough, there was nothing of which he stood so much in fear as crows themselves. Often they would come perilously near and "caw" at him. Helter-skelter he would fly to the house, and his relief was plainly manifested when he was safe inside the kitchen. Their wild life evidently had no charm for him. He was in terror of large snakes, too, but small ones he gobbled up as fast as he could. It was a most effectual way of preventing them from frightening him when they grew bigger.

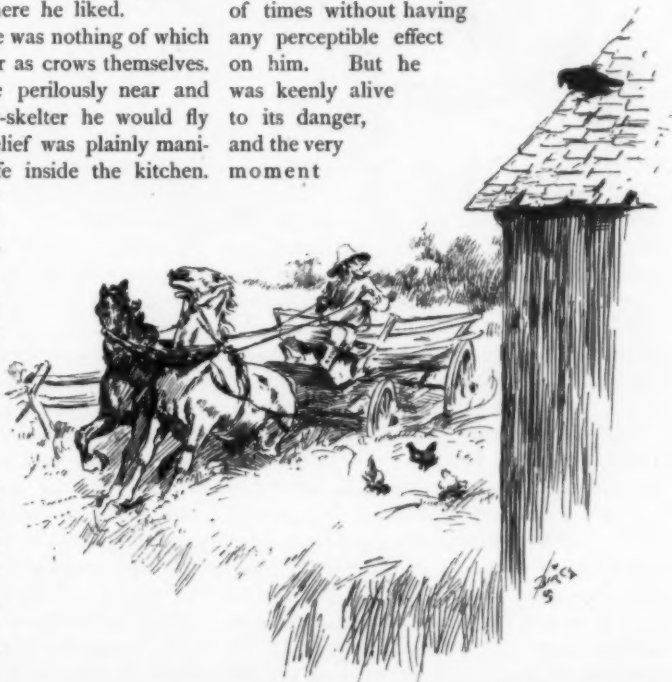
No attention was given to his education, but at last we discovered that he could repeat a word or phrase of a conversation he had just heard. He could laugh like a human being, and imitate the cackling of a hen.

"Stop!" "Hello!" "Hold

on!" were favorite expressions of his, and generally his use of them was intelligent. He liked to perch on top of the barn and shout out "Stop!" at the farmers who went by in their wagons. If they reined in their horses, thinking it was some person who had called them, the success of his little joke would cause Jim to burst into immoderate laughter.

He actually enjoyed being snowballed. He would stand upon an old tree-stump, and look saucily at the boys, as much as to say, "Come, now, here's a good shot! Why don't you hit me?" But Jim was always too quick for them. No boy ever could hit him. He would dodge like lightning, laughing hoarsely as the ball flew harmlessly past or broke in pieces on the other side of the stump. Then up he would hop again, with another challenge, ready for the next snowball.

He was not afraid of a gun. He would stand close by while one was being loaded, and it could be fired off a number of times without having any perceptible effect on him. But he was keenly alive to its danger, and the very moment



"HE WOULD SHOUT OUT 'STOP!' TO THE FARMERS WHO WENT BY IN THEIR WAGONS."

the muzzle was pointed at him he lost no time in getting out of the way.

Jim was a very mischievous crow indeed.

When the chickens were being fed, he stole their food. But one day their resentment was shown in a combined assault upon him. There was no chance to escape, for he was hemmed in on all sides. The odds were too terrific,—a hundred to one,—so he lay upon his back, clawing wildly, and squawking with his might and main. If some one had not rushed at once to his assistance, Jim would have been a dead crow. As it was, he lost a good many feathers.

He boldly pillaged the neighbors round. A woman who lived near once caught him pecking at a pot-cheese she had made, and put him to flight. He returned, and stole a downy little chicken, one of a brood that belonged to her. He flew home with it, and laid it upon the ground, but alive and unharmed.



"HE ACTUALLY ENJOYED BEING SNOWBALLED."

When Grace, the baby, was learning to walk, he would seize her slyly by the dress, and cause her to fall. He would peck at the toes of the barefooted children who came for water, and laugh heartily as he drove them dismayed from the yard. Sometimes he would steal unnoticed down into the cellar. The blows he could give with his beak had the force of a small hammer, so that it was a very easy matter for him to turn the spigot of a barrel. One was pretty apt to discover after such a visit that all the vinegar had run out on the floor.

He destroyed a great many eggs. Whenever he heard a hen cackle, he would start at once for the barn to examine the nest. One of the boys would start, too, at the same time, and it would be a race between Jim and him for the egg. Finally, when patience had ceased to be a virtue, a good old-fashioned switching was administered to Jim. After that he never touched another egg.

There were plenty of young chickens running about at home, but Jim never would touch one of these.

Anything bright and shining pleased his fancy very much. He had no scruples about taking what did not belong to him. Like a miser, he had a hiding-place for his treasures, and he was very careful not to go to it when he was watched. One day it was discovered in the barn quite by accident. Among other articles that he had secreted were found nails, screws, beads, bits of broken glass, and, best of all, a pair of earrings—and this strange collection was the grand result of months of patient thievery!

It was very difficult to keep a lead-pencil in his vicinity. When he stole one, he would hold it in his claw, and peck at it until the cedar wood was split in twain, after which he would remove the lead. If some one endeavored to take the pencil from him, he would

dodge about, making desperate but ineffectual efforts to swallow his booty whole.

Jim's droll pranks amused the people for miles around. Every one knew him, and liked him. The comedy instinct was strong in him, and he seemed to enjoy playing the part of a buffoon. Sometimes he would go down to one of the village stores, and there, perched upon a barrel, he would keep the loungers in a roar of laughter. He knew perfectly well that it was wrong to lounge in a store. The instant he noticed any one from the household of which he was a member, he would appear very crestfallen, and slink off as though he were ashamed of being seen in such a place.

And what became of him? One day he mysteriously disappeared, and nothing more was ever heard of him. It is not likely that he left of his own free will, for he had been in the household a long time, and had grown fond of every one. What made his disappearance suspicious was the fact that a dealer in pet animals, who occasionally came to the place, had offered recently a large sum for Jim. The offer had been refused, for it must have been a quite extraordi-

ary one indeed to have tempted the possessors of this clever crow to part with him. So the man went away, and never returned.

Poor Jim Crow! It may be that he was abducted a second time. If so, and he is living still, I wonder where! What new tricks has he added to his cunning store, what new words to his modest vocabulary? Is he as



"PERCHED UPON A BARREL, HE WOULD KEEP THE LOUNGERS IN A ROAR OF LAUGHTER."

great a source of amusement as ever? I am sure that the family whom he once used to delight would like very much to know.



A BOY OF THE FIRST EMPIRE.

BY ELBRIDGE S. BROOKS.

[*Begun in the November number.*]

CHAPTER VII.

THE MISSION OF CITIZEN DAUNOU.

CITIZEN DAUNOU sat in his office in the palace of the Prince of Soubise—palace and prince no longer, however; for the splendid old mansion in the Street of the Wheatfield,* with its gardens, its courts, and its arcades, had been confiscated by the republic, while its princely owners were fugitives from their home-land, fighting "the Corsican" in the armies of the foes of France.

The old palace was now the Bureau of Archives, the building in which were kept the public papers of the Empire. And here, surrounded by dusty documents, curious chronicles, and ancient records, sat the Keeper of the Archives, the citizen Pierre Daunou. His windows looked out upon the horseshoe-like Court of the Princes and the pillared porticos that encircled the garden. A pile of papers was heaped upon his desk—maps, title-deeds, confiscation-records, and schedules of property taken by the Emperor from the conquered countries of Europe that were now dependencies or vassals of the Empire.

Some of these papers were of rare historic value; some told, by their very presence in that place, sad stories of persecution, dispossession, defeat, and loss.

The scholarly old keeper was so immersed in his study of one of these "genealogic finds," that he did not hear the little tap for admission, nor the stealthy invasion of his sanctum that followed close upon the tap, until two soft hands imprisoned his eyes. Then, drawing the hands away, he looked up and saw something much more attractive than parchments or confiscation-records. It was Mademoiselle.

"So; it is you, truant, is it?" he cried gaily. "And who—why—live the people! it is Page

Philip! Is not that now the most singular chance? Here was I just thinking of you—just reading the name of Desnouettes. Let me tell you—but—eh?—holo, boy! What gloomy faces! Why, girl, what is the trouble, you two? Is something wrong at home?"

"Not at our home, papa," Mademoiselle replied; "and Philip has none."

"Has none? What is all this?"

"The Emperor has dismissed me from his service, Citizen Daunou," Philip replied.

"But why?"

"Why," Philip said hesitatingly, "because—some one has lied to him. Because—"

"Because, papa, we are his friends," Mademoiselle declared.

"Because of us? No; but is it so, Philip?" Citizen Daunou demanded, as if incredulous. "Has, then, your friendship with my house brought you to grief? Tell me; tell me, boy."

Then Philip told the story of his disgrace. He declared, too, that the dismissal was so sudden and bewildering that he had made neither plea nor protest in reply, but had simply withdrawn from the palace and, quite dazed by the blow, had wandered about the streets until his feet had instinctively turned down the Street of the Fight. Instinctively, too, he had entered the house of his friends, and there he had found Mademoiselle and quick sympathy. For thus unloading his woes on his friends he asked Citizen Daunou's pardon, but—

"My pardon?" the old man exclaimed. "Why, Philip boy, I ought rather to ask it of you. You do but suffer for me—for us."

"There! That is what I told Philip, papa," Mademoiselle cried triumphantly; "and straightway dragged him here—an unwilling captive. I told him you would see him righted."

"See him righted—I? I see him—Why!—one moment, you! There, there; let me think. So—eh—why, of course! Come; run home,

* Rue du Chaume.

you young folks, and let me think it out—let me think it—death of my life! but I see a light."

"But, Citizen," Philip began, "I ought not—"

"Will you obey me, Philip,—and vanish—you and Mademoiselle there?" the Keeper of the Archives said, almost forcing them from the room. "How can I think if you children stay here—chatter, chatter, chatter? Out on you, miscreants!—blocking all work in the public offices. Come; go, go!—go home, and do not fret until I tell you to."

"My faith, though! Is he not a terrible old mustache, Philip?" Mademoiselle cried, in mock terror. "Come, let us be gone before he eats us both—this ogre in his castle, here. I told you he could manage it all—you wise old papa!" Here she dismayed the "ogre" with a rush, a hug, and a kiss. "Come you, Philip, let us go and see Babette."

"Yes; go anywhere, anywhere, giddy ones," said the Keeper of the Archives. "Go and see Babette. Ah! stop yet. This Babette, Philip—" here he looked at the parchment on his desk once more—"is she, perhaps, your sister?"

"My sister? Babette?" Philip replied. "My faith! I think not, Citizen Daunou. She is Mother Thérèse's daughter; or so I have always thought."

"You do not know, though, eh?" Citizen Daunou said. "Is she—is she—" here he looked at the document again—"is she of your age?"

"My age? Oh, no, Citizen," Philip answered, with the laugh of superiority. "Why! I am fourteen, and as for Babette—Babette is barely ten."

"Ah, so? That is bad; that is—well, well—I was only curious. There, there, run along; such chatterers, you two! Wasting the Emperor's time!"

"And now we are chatterers! Philip! But what then, Monsieur Keeper of the Archives? Come away, Philip; for he is dangerous. Good day, ogre!" and the laughing Mademoiselle dragged the ex-page from the room.

For a full half hour after the young people had left him, Citizen Daunou sat at his desk, studying the paper that lay open before him, and thinking intently. Then rising, he drew on

his long street-coat, thrust the paper in his pocket, flung his chapeau on his head, and, hailing a cab at the door of the Bureau of Archives, drove straight to the Tuileries.

Meantime, Philip and Mademoiselle had given up their plan of calling upon Babette, because it was not visitors' day at the convent school. So they had wandered up the dirty Street of St. Denis, swarming with people; they strolled along the Boulevards, stopping now to watch and wonder at a juggler's free show on the street, now to pity and pay the baby tambourine-player by the rising walls of the new Exchange, or now to watch the boys at a game of prisoners' base in the Place Vendôme. Then, after planning an afternoon picnic in the Boulogne woods, Mademoiselle was left at the house in the Street of the Fight, to which Philip was to return when he had executed her commissions at certain of the shops in the Palace Royal.

As for his troubles, they did not worry Philip overmuch. From despair he had been raised to hope, for he had faith in Citizen Daunou; and then, too, he was a boy—and boys cast off such troubles easily.

As he made his way toward the Palace Royal and was crossing the new and splendid Street of Rivoli, there fell on his ears a sharp order of the police:

"Aside there; way for the Empress!"

Philip saw the dashing outriders, a mounted escort, and then the open carriage drawn by four horses. He recognized the Empress sitting smiling within, and, as the imperial carriage rolled past, Philip, true to his old custom, drew up and saluted the Empress. She saw him, and, turning, suddenly beckoned him to her side. Philip, still acting according to custom, ran alongside and, hat in hand, sprang to the step of the carriage, which did not even need to slacken its speed for him.

"It is you, Page Desnouettes? Go to the Emperor. Tell him I have changed my mind; and drive to the Little Trianon instead of St. Cloud. Bid him meet me there this afternoon." Thus ran the commands of the Empress to the page.

"But, your Majesty—" Philip began.

"How, boy!" cried the young Empress;

"'but' to me? What would you say? Are you on service in another direction?"

"Alas! your Majesty," Philip sadly replied, "I am on no service at all; nor can I be. I am no longer page. I—I—have been dismissed."

"Dismissed? You—my good page?" the Empress exclaimed. "But why? Ah, Madame the Countess, would you permit the page to enter? I wish to question him. So; many thanks. Now tell me the story, Page Desnouettes."

And so it came to pass that the disgraced page drove along the street of Rivoli in the carriage of the Empress.

Frankly and briefly he told the story.

"Ah, that terrible ball! And you saved the girl; and her father is grateful to you? And he is Keeper of the Archives? How can he then be untrue to the Emperor he serves? And it was Fouché who brought you to grief? Ah, that Fouché—I do not like him overmuch"; this, half to herself. Then she said: "And it is not true, is it, you boy? You are no enemy to the Emperor?"

"Madame—your Majesty, I would die for him," Philip declared.

"I knew it. You shall live for him," the Empress said. "Here, lend me your tablets. So!" And she dashed off a hurried line. "This to the Emperor. If that does not answer, I will see him myself. Why, you once saved his life, so he said. Now we must save you. There, begone, young Desnouettes. I am your friend. And do not forget my own message to the Emperor. This afternoon at the Trianon."

The gracious young Empress gave the page her hand to kiss. The page clambered to the carriage-step, saluted his mistress, and sprang nimbly to the street, while the Empress and her escort sped on to Versailles and the beautiful Trianons, eleven miles away.

"Two good friends for me," Philip pleased himself with thinking as he hurried back to the Tuileries. "You are in luck, you page."

In the study of the Emperor the Keeper of the Archives had gained an audience with Napoleon.

"Ah, Monsieur Daunou,—pardon me,—this

a bit sarcastically,—"*Citizen* Daunou,—you are welcome. Foes as well as friends may be welcomed, may they not, Citizen?"

"I trust, Sire, your Majesty does not count me among your foes," Citizen Daunou said.

"Well, call it opponents then," the Emperor replied. "But—I believe you, sir, are a faithful servant of the Empire, even though you do decline my gifts and gather my opponents under your roof. What is your pleasure?"

"I come, Sire, to expiate a crime," Citizen Daunou asserted.

"So; it has come to that, has it?" Napoleon declared. "You regret these gatherings, then, do you?"

"I regret, Sire, that they are deemed unfriendly by you," replied the Keeper of the Archives. "Whoever has asserted that they are disloyal is no friend to the truth. But even such friendly reunions as these gatherings have seriously injured in your Majesty's eyes one who is your Majesty's most devoted servant and most outspoken champion."

"Meaning yourself, Citizen Keeper?"

"I mean young Philip Desnouettes, Sire."

"Ha! that boy?"

"Yes, Sire. He saved my dear little daughter that fearful night at the Embassy ball," the Keeper of the Archives explained. "My heart and home have been free to him ever since. It seems my love for the lad has worked his ruin. Sire, I plead for his recall."

"So! He has been whining to you of my displeasure?" the Emperor exclaimed.

"Sire, young Desnouettes never whines. He is too manly a lad—too devoted to you, for that. I heard of his trouble against his will. I ask his recall, not only as an act of justice, such as your Majesty is ever willing to do, but as the payment of a debt which I well know your Majesty will not repudiate."

"How? A debt?" the Emperor said. "What is it you mean, sir?"

"This, Sire." And the Keeper of the Archives drew from his pocket the document he had placed there. "Singularly enough," he said, "just at the moment the lad was brought to me I was reading here his name—or rather that of his father."

"The *émigré* Desnouettes?"

"Yes, Sire—the *émigré*, and your prophet."

"My prophet!" The Emperor looked at the Keeper in wonderment. "You speak in riddles, sir."

"No riddle, Sire, but a plain and recorded fact," replied the Keeper. "Permit me. Here is the deed of confiscation recorded against the estates of the suspected Citizen Augustin Desnouettes of Riom, executed for contempt of the decrees of the Directory in May, 1796. Here,

for the Republic lay in the success of Citizen General Bonaparte, for whose welfare he devoutly prayed, and to whose kind remembrance he confided the future of his motherless children —"

"His children? There was but this boy," the Emperor said.

"So I thought, Sire; but here is the record:

—his motherless children, who would be left orphans by their father's death."



PHILIP RIDES ON THE STEP OF THE EMPRESS'S CARRIAGE.

attached to it, are the minutes of his trial. In these it appears that the Suspect Citizen Augustin Desnouettes lost his head for prophesying that the only savior of France would be General Bonaparte."

"How, sir? Is this the fact?"

"Listen, Sire." And the Keeper of the Archives read from the minutes:

"And the said Suspect, the *émigré* Augustin Desnouettes, did, of his own motion, seek to cast discredit upon the Directory by maintaining that it was powerless to save France from disruption, and that the only salvation

"And here, appended to the deed, is this minute:

'By order of the Directory the twin children of the *émigré* Augustin Desnouettes are to be bound over to the Citizen Jules Rapin of the Street of the Washerwomen in the Fourth Ward of Paris, and to the Cit —'

"Here, Sire, the record ends, for the rest is missing."

The Emperor took the paper and examined it minutely.

"Bah, the incapables!" he said, at last.

"How heedless those fellows were under that

sheep-like Directory! To file papers so carelessly! See; it has been torn off."

"So I think, Sire—either carelessly or for a purpose," the Keeper of the Archives said.

"Twin children," mused Napoleon. "Then where is the other? And was it boy or girl?"

"That, Sire, I too would know."

the handwriting of the Empress: "For my sake recall Page Desnouettes. He is my chosen page, you remember. LOUISE."

"With so powerful an advocate, Sire," the Keeper of the Archives said, "my words are not needed."

"The Empress has her way, generally," Napoleon said. "Who brought this, Malvirade?"

"Page Desnouettes, Sire," the First Page replied. "And also a verbal message from the Empress."

"Bid him enter—or no; wait without until I summon you. Then to the Keeper the Emperor said: "I was perhaps hasty, Daunou—hasty and worried, I think, with weightier matters. I like the boy, too; but Fouché—ah, well! Fouché is not always to be depended upon. I will see to the lad's recall. And, come, my friend: think better of the Emperor. Believe that I, too, would serve France quite as sincerely—yes, more sincerely—than even you stern old relics of the Revolution,

who can see no further than the glorious days of '92."

And, rising, the Emperor laid his hand almost affectionately on Daunou's shoulder.

"Sire," the stout old republican responded, "my service and loyalty go together. I serve you as Keeper of the Archives. In that service I trust you will believe that duty and loyalty go hand in hand."

"I believe you, Daunou; I believe you!" the Emperor replied; "though I know you do



"'THERE WAS BUT THIS BOY,' THE EMPEROR SAID."

"See to it; see to it, Citizen Daunou," the Emperor commanded. "It is work for such a shrewd searcher as you. Ferret out the mystery and let me know. I, too, would— Well, sir, what is this?" For at that moment the First Page, Malvirade, handed him a folded paper. "From the Empress?" Then he opened the slip, read it, frowned, laughed, and handed it to the Keeper of the Archives. "See: it rains pleas for young Desnouettes! Read it, Daunou."

And Citizen Daunou read with surprise, in

not love my methods. Be loyal still. Serve France. And I am France!"

Citizen Daunou found it hard to rein in his protest at this imperial announcement. But he bowed in adieu, saying nothing. And the Emperor added: "Trace up the other child of the *émigré* Desnouettes, my friend. That mystery must be unraveled. I, who would be just to my foes, must be generous to my friends. This Desnouettes, it would appear, almost died for me. His son must be my charge. But, silence in this matter, my friend, until something is reached. Let me know of your progress. The best of luck to your hunting!"

The Keeper of the Archives left, and the page was summoned.

"So, rascal!" the Emperor said, stern of eye and voice, "you go about complaining, do you? You work on the sympathies of both republican and Empress, eh?"

"No, Sire," Philip replied; "I sought neither. But Citizen Daunou learned of my dismissal, and the Empress stopped me in the street to bid me take a message to your Majesty, and thus she, too, learned my story."

"Well, sir; her message."

Philip delivered it.

"Little Trianon, eh?" Napoleon said. "Very well; and you, sir, make ready to attend me there."

"As page—or—prisoner, Sire?" the boy queried.

"You young monkey!" And the Emperor pulled Philip's hair roughly, but in token of good humor. "As page, I suppose, since my will is thus openly set at naught. And see that you do good service, you page."

"And—am I debarred from visiting my friends, Sire?" the boy persisted.

"What! When you champion my cause so roundly in the very camp of the enemy?" replied the Emperor. "No, no, you boy; I make you—see, 't is a good creation!—Hereditary Champion to the Emperor! See to it, young Desnouettes, that, as it was in the knightly days, my champion is fearless, loyal, brave, and true. Now, go; report your recall to Malvirade, and in two hours attend me to the Trianon."

Philip kissed the Emperor's hand joyfully, and ten minutes later was working off his surplus spirits by playing leap-frog up and down the corridor with six spry young pages. Then, in his most lordly style, he despatched one of the porters of the palace in haste to the Street of the Fight, bearing a message of regret to Mademoiselle, that "a special engagement with the Emperor" would make it necessary to defer the pleasure of a picnic in the Boulogne woods until a more convenient season.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE "COURIER OF THE KING."

THE trip to the Trianon was a red-letter day for Philip. The English garden, the Swiss village, and the little theater, forever associated with the sad story of Marie Antoinette, were new and agreeable sights for this boy who had open eyes for everything.

The Emperor was gracious and even gay; the Empress had a kind word for the boy she had not forgotten; and Philip, quick to cast sorrow aside, enjoyed the passing moment, attended faithfully upon his imperial patrons, and yet managed to "take in" all the sights that have made forever famous this celebrated "annex" to the splendid palace of Versailles.

The days flew by. Philip did remember his dismissal and reinstatement sufficiently to stir himself up to such a desire to show his gratitude to the Emperor and Empress, that Citizen Daunou cautioned him against over-exertion; and Uncle Fauriel, who was less vituperative after he found how nearly he had brought the boy into trouble, nevertheless declared that Philip was fairly running his legs off for "the Corsican," and stated his intention of applying at the palace for the position of Philip's substitute, so that he might work off some of his superfluous flesh.

The picnic in the Boulogne woods came about in due time. Babette was there, and so, too, were Citizen Daunou and Uncle Fauriel. And whom should the children meet in their wanderings in the woods, but the Emperor and Empress, walking about like any "goodman and his wife," and not close hedged by all the



IN THE DOULOGNE WOODS PHILIP AND BARETTE MEET THE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS.

state and escort that usually environed them in their "outings" around Paris.

They recognized Philip, and stopped to speak with the children. The Emperor questioned Babette about her schooling, and had something kindly to say to Mademoiselle about her escape from the Embassy; he pinched and petted the little girls, and rumbled all the order and dignity out of Philip's yellow locks, until Babette lost her timidity and laughed aloud at the imperial pranks, while Mademoiselle was so charmed with both the "royalties" that, after hearing her enthusiastic talk, Uncle Fauriel declared the house in the Street of the Fight would be contaminated by her "imperialism," and vowed that he would have to desert it for some red republican gathering in the St. Denis quarter, or consort with the only real haters of "the Corsican," the Bourbon exiles beyond the Rhine.

Autumn passed and winter came. Fouché was in disgrace. He had been deposed from his position as Minister of Police for concocting secret measures contrary to the Emperor's will. But Philip, not being specially interested in political plots and moves, was sure that this was *his* revenge, and boasted to Uncle Fauriel that the great Minister of Police had fallen because he had sought to set the Emperor against the page.

"Piff, pouf!" puffed Uncle Fauriel, "hear our cockerel crow! Of course it was so. When does your Excellency look for the portfolio of the Minister of Police to be offered you, as Fouché's successor?"

"Minister of Police!" Mademoiselle exclaimed, "Philip would n't look at that position. He will be—what do you call it?—the Arch-Chancellor himself some fine day; and then, be sure, he will banish you, Uncle Fauriel, for talking treason against the Emperor, and he will order the Imperial Guard to lead you in chains to the barrier, or else have you condemned to stand on one leg on the top of the Vendôme Column and shout, 'Long live the Emperor!' until you are hoarse."

March came in that eventful year of 1811; and when the morning of the twentieth dawned all Paris was in the streets. For like wildfire spread the rumor: there is a baby at the Tuileries! Every hour the crowd grew denser.

At open windows, along the streets, in the great garden of the Tuileries, people waited expectant, listening for the voice of the cannons of the Invalid Soldiers' Home to tell whether the baby was a boy or a girl. Of course every one hoped it was a boy, for that meant an heir to the throne of France—their future Emperor.

At the first boom a mighty silence fell upon the listening city. Every one stopped, intent, anxious. One—two—three, they counted. Boom, boom! went the guns up to nineteen—twenty—twenty-one. The silence was intense, the anxiety profound. Twenty-two! There came a mighty cheer, a roar from thousands and thousands of throats. Hats were flung aloft; people cried with joy, and danced and hugged each other, and cared no more to count, though the guns boomed away until the full salute of one hundred and one was fired. For that twenty-second boom told the story—the baby at the Tuileries was a boy.

Then, out of the cheering, came the mighty shout: "Long live the Emperor! Long live the Empress! Long live the King of Rome!" For that was to be the title of this baby prince, whose mother was an empress, whose father was greater than a king.

Philip was in the palace, busy enough. He, too, at the twenty-second gun—though he of course had already heard the truth—felt the inspiration of excitement, and although he was in the precincts of the palace could, like "the ranks of Tuscany" in Macaulay's famous ballad,
 "—scarce forbear to cheer."

But he did not. A page of the palace, on duty, must be quiet and circumspect. So Philip reined in his enthusiasm and, even before the echo of the one hundred and first gun had died away, he was holding aside the curtains which fell before the doorway that opened into the Blue Room. A short, stout man passed hurriedly between the parted curtains. In his arms he bore a precious bundle swathed in richest robes. This man was the Emperor.

"Gentlemen," he said to the assembled dignitaries who awaited in the Blue Room the official tidings, "I present to you the King of Rome!"

Down upon one knee, in homage to the imperial baby, dropped each man in that glittering throng of soldiers and statesmen. And as the little King of Rome lifted his voice in a wail of welcome, or, perhaps, of protest, there came from the kneeling throng the triple shout of loyalty and reverence: "Long live the Emperor! Long live the Empress! Long live the King of Rome!"

All day Paris was in a fever of joy. What they had wished for had happened. An heir

over the event on corner and curb, on boulevard and in café. From a great balloon, that went up from the Field of Mars, papers were flung out to the people in commemoration of the notable event, and a constantly shifting crowd thronged the garden of the Tuileries, satisfied simply to gaze upon the palace that held the heir to the Empire.

The Emperor overflowed with joy. He could not keep still. He wandered from cradle to cabinet, now looking at his son, now looking at

his people; and he who was unmoved by victory on the battle-field, and accustomed to every form of popularity and adoration, felt the pride of a father overtop the dignity of a king. As he looked at the great crowd in the garden, as he heard the bells pealing joyfully from every church-tower and the guns thundering in salute, tears of thankfulness and joy streamed down his cheeks. For the day on which his son was born was, beyond all question, Napoleon's happiest day.

In the evening the baby prince was privately christened in the chapel of the Tuileries, and to him was given the sounding name of Francis Charles Joseph Na-

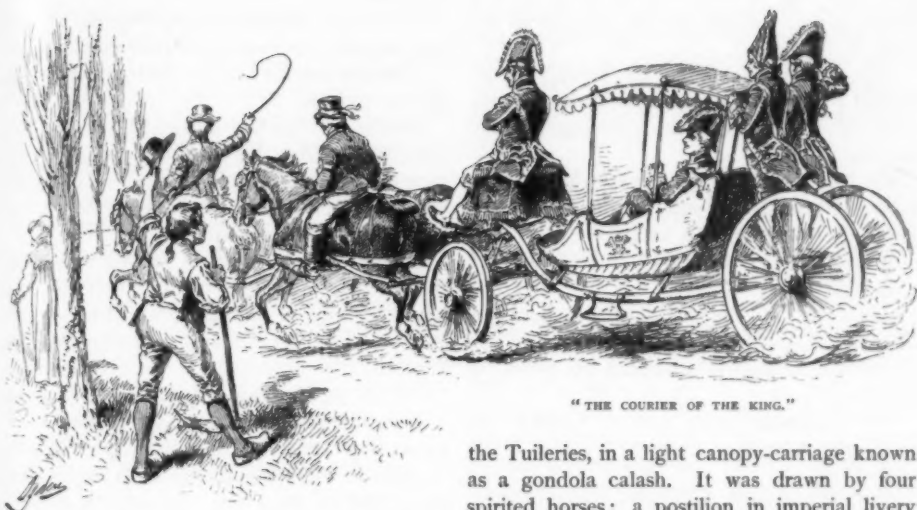
poleon, King of Rome and Heir of France.

Every house in the city, palace and hovel and lofty apartment-house alike, was brilliantly illuminated; fireworks flashed and whirled in every public square; while on the river that wound in and out, spanned by its dozen



"I PRESENT TO YOU THE KING OF ROME!"

to the throne had been born. The semaphore, or signal-telegraph, flashed the news from city on to city; fast-riding couriers, pages, and messengers bore the official announcement to distant municipalities and foreign courts; the people absolutely lived in the streets, talking



"THE COURIER OF THE KING."

bridges, the Seine boatmen celebrated the birth of the little king by an impromptu river parade, sparkling with lights and crowned with show and song.

Philip was a tired boy when night came, for this had been a busy day. But as, after delivering a message to the Emperor, he paused for a moment to look at the imperial baby asleep in its costly cradle of mother-of-pearl and gold, above which, as if in protection, hovered a winged figure of Victory, the Emperor turned to him and said: "Young Desnouettes, I intrust you with a special duty. To-morrow you shall bear to the Empress Josephine a letter announcing the birth of my son. You shall travel not as a page of the palace but as a courier of the King."

Here was an honor! The boy could scarcely sleep for excitement, anticipation, and joy. The next morning found him waiting, eager for the start; and before noon he was speeding across the country, a special courier, bearing the important tidings to the ex-Empress Josephine, who was then at her castle of Navarre, in Normandy, forty miles away.

What a ride it was! The day was clear and bright—early spring in France. Through the streets of the city, still echoing with the joyous festivities of the day before, the boy rode from

the Tuileries, in a light canopy-carriage known as a gondola calash. It was drawn by four spirited horses; a postilion in imperial livery rode one of each pair of horses, and there was an equerry on the box.

Over the Seine and out into the open country, along the highroad that led to Évreux, the swift conveyance dashed, with the right of way on all the route, changing horses every ten miles, while the postilion's horn rang out the warning of approach, and the cry, "In the name of the Emperor!" kept the highway clear. In town and village and from quaint little roadside homes throngs came out to stare and shout and cheer, for all the people recognized the imperial livery, and knew that the boy in the carriage was a royal page riding on the Emperor's service.

Night was shutting down as, past the scattered lights of Évreux town, Philip rode into the forest shadows, through which gleamed at last the lights of the royal château.

The calash drew up at the door; the boy alighted, and then, ascending the steps between a double file of flickering torches held by light-bearers, Philip, the Courier of the King of Rome, entered the palace.

He felt as important as if he were the Emperor himself. And yet, what do you suppose he was thinking? "My faith! don't I wish that pig of a Pierre, who used to call me 'mud prince' when I lived in the Street of the Wash-

erwomen, could see me now! Would n't his eyes stick out, though? I am as good as a prince, I am. Room for the Courier of the King!"

This, however, was but the thought of an instant. He was really impressed with his mission, and anxious to deliver his message worthily and well.

He bowed to the majordomo who received him. "From the Emperor," he said; "a message to her Majesty. In haste."

With a formal bow, but with a half wink and a twinkle of the eye as he "sized up" this youthful bit of importance, the majordomo ushered the courier into the reception-room and despatched a page to announce his arrival to the Empress.

The summons soon came: "Admit the messenger from the Emperor." And Philip passed on.

In the chief salon (or reception room) of this small palace of Navarre, Josephine awaited the messenger from the court. Once an Empress, and wife to the Emperor, she still, though separated from him by the cruel necessities of state policy and the imperial succession, held his honor and esteem. By her side sat her guest of honor, Prince Eugene Beauharnais, Viceroy of Italy, her dearly loved son, and around her were grouped the ladies and gentlemen of her court.

At a signal, the doors of the salon were flung open; the Master of Ceremonies announced, "From the Emperor!" Then, in his imperial livery of crimson, green, and gold, plentifully sprinkled with the imperial bees, with his light-green shoulder-knot and streamers fringed with gold and stamped with the eagle and the "N"—in his hand his black-and-gold chapeau, decorated with its tricolor cockade and lined with white feathers—enter Philip the page!

Josephine greeted him with the smile that won so many to her side.

"It is young Desnouettes, is it not?" she said.

"Yes, your Majesty," Philip replied, bowing low.

"I remember you well," said the Empress. "It was you—was it not?—with whom my grandson, poor little Prince Napoleon, once had

so good a time under the chestnut-trees of St. Cloud?"

"Yes, your Majesty," Philip replied, all the time struggling to detach his letter from beneath his crimson vest, where he had stowed it for greater security.

Poor boy! He had fastened the Emperor's letter too securely. He tugged, and worked, and grew very red in the face, thinking all the time, "What a fool I was not to have taken it out while I was waiting below!"

But the Empress, true to her kindly nature, seemed not to notice the boy's discomfiture, and talked steadily to him as he worked. At last the note was detached, and, dropping upon his knee, the boy presented it to the Empress.

"From the Emperor, your Majesty," he said.

Josephine took the letter eagerly, and accompanied by her son, Prince Eugene, withdrew to read it, while Philip, left in the salon, was the center of attraction, and gave a glowing account of the festivities in Paris. But when the ladies asked eagerly how the little King looked, Philip stammered, rubbed his ear, and said, "Oh, I don't know. The cradle is beautiful, and it is true he is fine—but, my faith! so small—and so red!"

When the Empress returned, she too talked with the boy. Then came dancing and games and general conversation, in all of which Philip was included as an especial guest, and did have "such a good time"!

Tea was served at eleven, and then the Empress retired. But first she sent for Philip, and gave him a letter. "This for the Emperor," she said; and added, with a merry twinkle in her eye, "Keep it as safe and secure as you kept the other." Then she handed him a packet. "This for yourself," she said, "as one who bore good tidings. You will be going early in the morning, young Desnouettes. Thank you for your faithful duty. I shall report it to the Emperor. Be a loyal page, my boy. Serve the Emperor faithfully; so shall you best serve France."

Philip kissed her extended hand, bowed, and retired. But, before he slept, his eager hands opened the parcel. He started with surprise and joy. The Empress had given "the bearer of good tidings" a splendid diamond hat-

buckle worth, so we are assured by the record, fully a thousand dollars.

Philip was wild with delight; for he dearly loved beautiful things.

He was up and away early the next morning, delighted with his reception, proud of his success, and more than ever in love with the kind-hearted and unfortunate lady whom men still called the Empress Josephine.

Merrily his relays of horses hurried his light calash over the highway. Through town and village, as before, he rode in haste,—“In the name of the Emperor!” giving him the right of way. But when he reached St. Germain, he found himself ahead of schedule time, and bade the equerry direct the postilions to change the route, and, crossing the Seine, swing around so as to enter Paris by the St. Denis gate. Across country to St. Denis he rode, and, passing beneath the noble arch that spanned the gate, he entered the city.

Philip felt like a conqueror making a royal progress as he rode down the long and dirty Street of St. Denis—the Bowery of old Paris. Street boys hailed him with cheers; venders offered him their wares, from waffles to hot potatoes; people stopped and stared; and still he had the right of way.

Then a great desire filled the boy's heart. He would go to the palace by the way of the Street of the Washerwomen. That would make the triumph of his trip complete. The people of the quarter should see that the mud prince had become a real prince. If only now “that pig of a Pierre” could see him!

So, obedient to his instructions, the postilions turned off from the Street of St. Denis into the Street of the Needlemakers,* and thence into the Street of the Washerwomen. The well-remembered street of his boyhood was but a narrow thoroughfare, scarcely twelve feet wide, with barely room for two carriages to pass each other.

It was as dirty as ever, and so were its people. And what a shout they raised as the imperial carriage whirled along the narrow street! Pigs scampered, children scattered, dogs barked, and on rode Philip like a prince in state.

But, alas! pride goes before a fall. Just before he reached the fountain which was at once the scene and monument of his famous fight with “that pig of a Pierre,” bang! went the carriage against some unseen obstacle, off flew the wheel, and out of the carriage where he rode in state went the Courier of the King—head first into the dirty street! The crowd rushed to the rescue. Officious hands picked up the prostrate page, and brushed from his fine clothes the mud of the Street of the Washerwomen. The wheel was readjusted; the boy took his seat again, angry and crestfallen; the postilions started their horses. But when, suddenly thinking of his mission, Philip clapped a hand to his pocket to make sure that the letter and the buckle were safe, a cold sweat broke out all over the startled page. Frantically he prodded himself in every spot; feverishly he felt in every pocket. It was all to no purpose. The letter and the diamond buckle both were missing!

(To be continued.)

* Rue des Aiguilliers.

LOST HOURS.

BY SYDNEY DAYRE.

“I SAY good night and go up-stairs,
And then undress and say my prayers
Beside my bed, and then jump in it,
And then—the very nextest minute,

VOL. XXII.—38.

The morning sun comes in to peep
At me. I s'pose I've been to sleep.
But seems to me,” said little Ted,
“It's not worth while to go to bed.”



BY MARGARET JOHNSON.

I DREAMED (we scribbling folk, you know,
Have funny dreams sometimes,
Else, pray, how could we spin our yarns
And weave our merry rhymes?)

I thought two proud and fond mamas
Each on a bright spring day
Went walking with her little girl,
As happy mothers may.

Now one before the other went
Some fifty years or more,
And you may guess how different were
The gowns and hats they wore.

A roguish elf—the kind, you know,
That only live in dreams—
Observed the sight, and laughed to see
Dame Fashion's odd extremes.

"Ho, ho!" he cried. "A little trick
I'll play these pretty dears!"

And in a twinkling he exchanged
The children and their years.

Each little daughter tripped demure
Beside the wrong mama,
Who all unconscious sauntered on
With eyes that looked afar.

Until, just where the cross-roads meet,
Down glancing as she smiled,
With start and frown each wondering dame
Beheld her changeling child.

Alas! what looks of dire dismay!
What woeful, shocked surprise!
That fairy laughed until the tears
Stood in his elfin eyes.

But when the little damsels wept
To see their mothers' pain,
Repenting of his naughty prank,
He changed them back again.

And, as I woke, two fond mamas,
Still pale with such a fright,
Each holding fast her daughter's hand,
Went whisking out of sight.

The End
of a Dream.



CHRIS AND THE WONDERFUL LAMP.

BY ALBERT STEARNS.

[*Began in the December number.*]

CHAPTER V.

CHRIS returned to his room in a state of mind bordering on despair. The wonderful lamp was now, undoubtedly, in the possession of another; the genie's allegiance had been transferred to some one who, the boy told himself, was sure to make a better use of the power than *he* had. Through a strange combination of circumstances, the lamp had brought him nothing but misfortune; but its new owner might outdo Aladdin in the accomplishment of his ambitious desires.

"But the chances are he 'll never find out what kind of a lamp it is," reflected the lad. "Professor Huxter did n't—that 's sure; and he had the lamp maybe fifty years. I 'll advertise for it in the *Dusenbury Bugle*, offer a reward of a hundred dollars, and make the

genie pay it. No, I won't, either; that would make the fellow that found it suspicious, and he might think of rubbing it. I 'll just say 'a suitable reward.' I 'll take the advertisement to the *Bugle* office the first thing in the morning. And now, as I can't do anything more to-night, I may as well go to sleep."

But this was more easily said than done. Though Chris was usually in the Land of Nod within a very few seconds after his head touched the pillow, it was almost daylight before he sank into an uneasy slumber filled with dreams in which his father and Professor Thwacker and the genie conspicuously figured.

He was awakened by a succession of raps upon his door, and his father's voice, saying:

"Chris, it is eight o'clock."

"I 'll be right down, sir," responded the boy, springing out of bed.

"Open the door," said Mr. Wagstaff; "there is some one here who wants to see you."

"Who is it?" asked Chris, in surprise.

"It's Doctor Ingalls," was the reply, in his mother's voice. "He wants to have a little talk with you, Chris."

Wondering what in the world this could mean, the boy unlocked and opened the door. His mother fluttered in, followed by his father and the doctor. The faces of all three showed Chris that something unusual had happened, or was about to happen.

"Nothing the matter, is there?" he asked, with wide-open eyes.

"My dear boy," cried his mother, "go right back to bed. You might catch cold, and, in your present condition, who can tell what the result would be! How do you feel?"

"Pretty well," replied the bewildered boy, as he jumped into bed. "I did n't sleep very well, though."

"That's natural," said Doctor Ingalls, in the queer, cracked voice that always made Chris laugh. "It is just what I expected."

"Oh, doctor," began Mrs. Wagstaff, "you don't think —"

"No, I don't—nothing of the sort," interrupted the physician. "Don't be frightened, ma'am," he added, stepping to the bedside. "Well, how are we this morning, Chris?"

"Why, I'm all right," said Chris. "What's the matter?"

"Nothing is the matter, nothing whatever," returned the doctor, trying so hard to wink slyly at Mr. Wagstaff, that the boy could not help seeing him. "And of course you're all right. Have n't been troubled with headaches lately, have you, now?"

"Why, no," answered Chris. "Sometimes when I've studied very hard I have had a headache; but —"

"Ah, that's just it; that's just what I'm trying to get at," interposed Doctor Ingalls, with a meaning glance at Chris's parents. "Sometimes when you study very hard you have a headache. Exactly. Now, you've been studying pretty hard lately, have n't you?"

"Not very," replied the boy.

"Oh, yes, I think you have," said the old physician. "Fanny told me only a day or two

ago that you were so far advanced in algebra that you could stump — ahem! I mean that you could puzzle—even Professor Cipher; and he is a mathematician of no mean ability. Yes, Christopher, I fancy you have been overdoing your studying of late."

Here Mrs. Wagstaff interposed.

"Chris," she said, taking the boy's hand tenderly in her own, "your father and I had a long talk about you last night, and we thought that maybe you had been working too hard; and so we made up our minds to consult Doctor Ingalls about giving you a little vacation. After two or three weeks' rest, I'm sure you'll be all right again."

"Why, I'm all right now," declared Chris, sitting up in bed. "Of course I should n't mind a vacation, but I don't believe that I need it."

"It will do you no harm," said the doctor, "provided you do not over-exert yourself. I must also impress upon your mind the necessity of allowing nothing to excite you. And"—drawing a vial filled with small white pellets from his pocket—"take four of these every hour."

"But what do I need to take medicine for?" asked the boy, in astonishment. "I'm not sick."

"Ahem! not exactly sick, perhaps, but tired—that's it, tired," said Doctor Ingalls, who seemed a little embarrassed. "Perhaps we might call your complaint neurasthenia—nervous exhaustion."

"See here," exclaimed Chris, "it is n't possible, is it, that you think I'm not right in my head?"

"Now, my dear boy," cried his mother, "don't, don't get excited! Of course, we know you're all right in your head; but your nerves are a little unstrung from too much work. Now, if you'll stop to think, Chris, dear, you *have* been rather erratic of late. (Yes, doctor, I *must* speak!) There was that strange story about the lamp that you told your father and Professor Thwacker, and afterward contradicted. And Huldah says you acted in a very singular way in the kitchen yesterday morning—quite unlike yourself. And when you brought home the sugar she sent you for, you threw it out of the

window instead of taking it to the kitchen. And —"

"Now, ma'am, you really must n't," interposed the doctor at this point. "If you continue to excite the patient, I will not be answerable for the result. Chris, my boy, how do you feel now?"

The lad understood by this time that he was a victim of circumstantial evidence. He saw the impossibility of explaining the situation so that his parents and the doctor would understand it, so he replied calmly:

"I never felt better, doctor; but I'll take the vacation and the medicine if you say so. And now I'd like to get up."

"By all means, my boy. After a light but nutritious breakfast, I should advise a walk of a mile or two; but do not indulge in any violent exercise, physical or mental."

Mr. and Mrs. Wagstaff and the doctor withdrew from the room, and Chris began dressing.

"Well," he mused, with an angry laugh, "it's plain enough that they think me crazy. But just let me get that lamp again, and I'll show them whether I am or not. Oh, I *must* find it—that's all there is about it."

He hurried on his clothes, and went down to breakfast. His mother hovered about him, ministering to his every want with even more than her usual tender solicitude. When he had finished the meal, she inquired anxiously:

"How do you feel now, Chris?"

"First-rate," replied the boy; "and now I guess I'll go and take a walk."

"Yes; that's what the doctor advised. But had n't I better go with you, dear?"

"Oh, no," replied Chris, hastily; "why, you could n't keep up with me."

"I don't know that I could. Well, be very careful not to catch cold. Had n't you better put on your overcoat? It's a real sharp morning."

"I don't need it, mother." And the youth bolted out of the door to avoid further expressions of anxiety in his behalf.

He commenced another search for the lamp; but his quest, like that of the previous night, was unsuccessful.

He desisted at last, in despair, and was about to start for the *Bugle* office to insert his ad-

vertisement, when Huldah called to him from the kitchen:

"Say, Chris, come here a minute, will you?"

"What do you want?" asked the boy, approaching the door where she stood.

"What was the doctor doing in your room this morning?"

"Oh, don't bother me!" And Chris turned impatiently on his heel.

"Ain't sick, are you?" persisted the girl.

"No, I'm not."

"Well, you need n't be so short. Wait a minute, can't you? What was you looking for out there?"

"Something I lost," replied Chris, walking away.

"Well, you need n't tell me if you don't want to," Huldah shouted after him; "for I *know*. It was that old lamp; and I'll tell you one thing: you'll never see it again!"

The boy turned abruptly and retraced his steps, his face aflame with excitement.

"What do you mean?" he cried. "What do you know about it?"

"More'n you think," answered the girl, with a malicious smile. "Your ma gave me that lamp, and I made up my mind I would n't let you have it. When your pa threw it out of the window last night, I heard it fall, and I went out and picked it up."

"And you've got it? Why did n't you tell me so when you saw me looking for it?"

"I thought I'd let you hunt till you got tired."

"Now, see here, Huldah," began Chris, in a conciliatory tone, "I want that lamp."

"Oh, you do?" laughed the girl.

"Yes, I do. It belonged to old Professor Huxter, and I bought it at the auction for ten cents, and I want to keep it as a memento. I'll buy it from you."

"If you'd talked that way yesterday," said Huldah, "we might have struck a bargain; but you're too late now."

"Why, what do you mean?" cried the boy, turning pale.

"I told you I had a use for the lamp, and so I had. The old thing is a good many miles from here now."

"W-where is it?" gasped Chris.

"In Hallelujah Pettengill's wagon," replied Huldah, complacently. "I swapped it off, with a lot of other old things, for a dress pattern. Want to see it, Chris? It's just the prettiest piece of caliker you'll find in these parts. Hallelujah said he could n't have let me have it, only he got it at a bankrupt sale dirt-cheap. Wait till you see it."

"Do you mean to say," demanded the boy, "that you actually gave that lamp to Hallelujah Pettengill for a calico dress?"

"Of course I do; why not?" returned Huldah, who could not help being somewhat impressed by the look of blank despair on Chris's face. "I had to give him a lot of other things besides, too. I don't know as I'd have given him the lamp, but he saw it, and took quite a notion to it, and so I let him have it. Why, I did n't s'pose you cared so much about it. And I did n't know you thought so terrible much of Professor Huxter, anyway."

"Which way did Hallelujah's wagon go?" asked Chris, who had scarcely heard the girl's explanation.

"Toward Newville. He said he'd get to Hartford by night."

"What time was it when you gave him the lamp?"

"I don't know; about half-past seven, I guess. Why, you don't mean to say that you're going to chase after him, Chris Wagstaff?"

There was no reply; the boy had already started in pursuit of the peddler.

It was then nearly half-past nine; Chris felt sure that he could overtake the new owner of the lamp by noon.

Hallelujah Pettengill was one of the now nearly extinct race of traveling merchants who were prepared to supply their customers at short notice with almost anything, from a porous plaster to a mowing-machine, a paper of pins to a road-wagon.

If New England can claim an aristocracy, Hallelujah must have had an indisputable right to be classed among its members, for he was a direct descendant of one of the old Puritan families. In person he was as long, lank, and lean as the longest, lankest, and leanest of his forefathers; but on his smooth-shaven face there was an expression of good humor, and in

his keen, gray eyes a sly twinkle, that were not observable in the portraits of his ancestors, Azariah Pettengill and Purity, his wife, that hung in solemn and dusty grandeur in the old town hall in Dusenbury Center.

Despite the truth of the peddler's boast that he was "ez cute ez they make 'em," and that he seldom got the "wrong end" of a bargain, he was a general favorite all along his route; his visits were eagerly looked for by all sorts and conditions of people, for he had a never-failing stock of gossip, a ready fund of anecdote, and was always in good humor.

Chris was certain that, by walking briskly, he could "catch up" with Hallelujah by twelve o'clock, for the peddler's heavy wagon moved slowly and made many stops.

His reflections during his tramp were not of the pleasantest nature. A thousand fears haunted and tormented him. Hallelujah might have lost the lamp; he might have sold it; or perhaps he had already discovered its wonderful properties, in which case he would of course refuse to surrender it. Poor Chris! it was a most dismal walk for him.

It lacked but ten minutes of noon when he came in sight of the peddler's high wagon, which looked like a house on wheels. It stood outside the widow Peckham's cottage, about half a mile from Newville; and Hallelujah and the widow were at the gate, engaged in an animated discussion.

As the boy, who had quickened his pace, approached the couple, Mrs. Peckham entered the house, and Hallelujah prepared to climb to his lofty perch on the wagon.

"Hallo!" shouted Chris.

"Why, haow d' e dew, Chris?" drawled the peddler, with his usual good-natured grin. "What in time be yeou dewin' here?"

"I want to see you a minute," panted Chris, coming up at a run.

"Wa-al, here I be," returned Hallelujah, "an' jest in trim fer talkin' tew — had lots o' practice durin' the last ten minutes. They say Mis' Peckham talked her man tew death, an' I b'lieve there 's suthin' in the story. Ef I wa' n't so used tew dickerin' with wimmin-folks, she 'd ha' got the best o' me in a trade jest now, sure 's yeou're born. Talked till my head

begun tew swim, b' gosh; an' it takes an all-fired smart woman tew make Hallelujah Petten-gill dizzy. What dew yeou think she wanted me tew dew, Chris? Wanted me tew swap the slickest piece o' dress-goods yeou ever set yeour tew eyes ontew—all wool, ez I 'm a sinner—fer *punkins*. Think o' that—and punkins ez thick this fall ez flies in a mer-lasses bar'l!"

As the peddler stopped to catch his breath, Chris, who had had ample time to recover *his*, said:

"Hallelujah, I want to see you on business."

"Wa-al, I hain't got much time. Fact is, I 'm goin' tew hev dinner with the Wilkinsons, an' yeou know, mebbe, haow Mis' Wilkinson is. The vittles is on the table at twelve o'clock sharp, an' she would n't wait fer the guv'nor hisself. An' this is b'iled-dinner day, tew, so I don't keer over-much 'baout bein' late. Did Huld' send yeou?"

"I—" began the boy, but the loquacious Hallelujah continued in the same breath:

"'Cause, if she ain't satisfied with that piece o' caliker, I could n't re'ly do nothin' 'baout it, though they ain't no one I 'd ruther oblige 'n Huld' Skinner. Her Aunt Nancy an' me use-ter keep company, Chris, an' I 've held leetle Huld' on my knee when she wa' n't no bigger 'n a pint o' cider. But I 'pinted aout the flaw in the caliker; an' it won't show a bit when it 's made up. An' it 's jest her style. Gosh! I kin imagine her in meetin' with that gown on! I don't cal'late yeour folks 'll keep her long arter Jed Beardsley sees her in that piece o' caliker an' one o' them red hats that she 's so almighty fond on. No, Chris, I dunno 's I see my way clear tew take back the goods; all she gin me fur it, anyway, was thutty cents, ten pounds o' rags, an old hat o' yeour father's, an' a pewter lamp."

"But I don't want you to take it back," broke in Chris, "and Huldah does n't either. What I want to see you about is that old lamp. Of course it is n't worth anything to you."

"Wa-al, I dunno 'baout that," returned Hallelujah, with a cunning leer. "Yeou see, things like that is wuth jest abaout what they 'll fetch. Naow, fer *my* use, that there lamp would n't be wuth no more 'n its vally ez old pewter, or

whatever it 's made of; but there 's folks that 'u'd run miles arter a thing like that, an' pay a good price fer it tew, tew put ontew their parlor center-tables. By jingo, Chris, I believe that 's Mis' Wilkinson's dinner-horn naow!"

"I won't keep you more than a minute longer," said Chris, hurriedly. "To come right to the point: I want to buy that lamp; what will you sell it for?"

"I can't sell it tew yeou, Chris," replied the peddler, slowly and deliberately ascending to his seat on the wagon.

"Why can't you?" cried the boy.

"'Cause," responded Hallelujah, picking up the reins, "'t ain't mine tew sell. I disposed on 't an haour ago!"

CHAPTER VI.

"You 've sold the lamp?" exclaimed Chris.

The boy's evident agitation made such an impression upon Hallelujah that he paused in the act of starting his horses, and said:

"Yes. 'T wa' n't wuth much, Chris, 'tween yeou an' me; but she took a shine tew it, so I let her hev it."

"Who did?" cried the lad.

"Why, Mis' Taylor,—Elnathan Taylor's wife, y' know. She 's great on this here bricky-brac, an' she took the greatest notion yeou ever see tew that there lamp; nothin' would dew but she must hev it. But where be yeou goin', Chris?"—for the boy had already turned his face Dusenbury-ward.

"To Mrs. Taylor's," was the reply. "I must have that lamp."

"Wa-al, hold on!" said Hallelujah. "She hain't got it."

"I thought you said you had sold it to her."

"So I did, but I hain't delivered it yet."

Chris's heart leaped for joy.

"Then you 've got it with you?" he exclaimed. "I 'll pay you more for it than Mrs. Taylor would, Hallelujah."

With the most exasperating deliberation, apparently unmindful of a Joshua-like blast from Mrs. Wilkinson's big dinner-horn, the peddler wound the reins around the whip, gazed meditatively at nothing in particular for several seconds, and then delivered himself as follows:

"Yeou see it's like this, Chris—though what I 'm a-goin' tew say I don't want tew hev go no further. Mis' Taylor's credit ain't none o' the best. Now mind, I don't say there 's a nicer woman in the hull caounty 'n she is, 'n I dunno 's I think there is; but they *dew* say as haow Elnathan 's so all-fired close that she jest *hez* tew scheme an' connive fer all she 's wuth tew keep the breath o' life intew her. She ain't ever got no money, an' she owes me yit fer a wash-b'iler I sold her last August—though I don't want yeou tew say nothin' 'baout that. She gave me thutty-five cents on accaount, an' that 's all I ever got or ever 'xpect tew git. But 't ain't goin' tew be that way with this here lamp. Ez soon ez she seed it, she sez: 'Hallelujah, I 've *got* tew hev that. Haow much is 't?' she sez. 'Mis' Taylor,' I sez, 'that there piece o' bricky-brac ain't no cheap stock. It 's imported,' I sez—an' so 't is. I see that ez soon as I looked at it. 'My fust price,' sez I, 'is my last price, an' 't won't be no use hagglin'.' 'An' what *is* yeour price, Hallelujah?' she sez. 'A dollar,' sez I. 'I 'll take it,' sez she, ez quick ez that. 'I 'll take it, an' here 's a quarter; the rest I 'll give yeou next time yeou come raound.' 'No, marm,' I sez; 'that won't dew. I 'll take the quarter, an' keep the lamp fer yeou till yeou git the balance. When yeou give it tew me, the lamp 's yeourn.' Fust she would n't hear tew that, fer she was 'xpectin' the sewin'-circle this artemnoon; but when she see I was sot, she give in an' paid me the quarter, an' I put the lamp away in the box under the seat."

"And is it there now?" cried the boy, who had previously made several vain attempts to interrupt his companion.

"That 's jest where 't is," was the reply; "an' Mis' Taylor 'll git it ez soon ez she 's ready tew pay me my seventy-five cents, an' not afore."

"I 'll pay you more than she will for it," said Chris, breathlessly. "I 'll give you a dollar and a half."

Hallelujah shook his head.

"A bargain 's a bargain," he said. "I can't do it; 't would n't be treatin' Mis' Taylor fairs."

"The chances are she 'll never pay you," said Chris. "I 'll give you cash down."

"I ought n't tew let it go less 'n one seventy-five, arter all the trouble I 've hed with it," said the peddler. "Missed my dinner on accaount o' the blamed thing, I s'pose."

"I 'll give you a dollar seventy-five," cried the boy.

"Wa-al, I 'll take it," responded Hallelujah, rising and opening the box. "I 'll put that quarter daown tew Mis' Taylor's credit on accaount o' the wash-b'iler. There seems tew be sech a call fer these here bricky-brac lamps that I guess I 'll hev tew lay in a stock o' 'em. Here yeou be, Chris."

Concealing his exultation by a strong effort, the boy seized the precious lamp, handed Hallelujah his money, and turned away with a hasty good-by, while the peddler resumed his journey.

Chris's first impulse was to summon the genie and order a coach-and-four to convey him back to South Dusenbury. He was about to rub the lamp when the rattle of wheels behind him caused him to turn, and he saw approaching at a rapid rate Doctor Ingalls's buggy, drawn by old one-eyed Nancy, and containing the doctor himself.

"How are you, Chris?" cried the old gentleman, bringing the vehicle to a standstill as it reached the boy. "Been taking my advice, have you? But you 've walked too far—I told you not to overdo, you know. Jump in and ride back with me."

Chris was strongly tempted to amaze and confound Doctor Ingalls by an impromptu exhibition of his marvelous power; but he was not quite ready to make his secret public property, so he restrained the impulse and said:

"Thank you, Doctor; I *am* pretty tired."

"Of course you are!" returned the doctor, as his patient stepped into the buggy. "You must n't walk so far the next time. And you 'll be late for dinner; but not very, for Nancy can cover the ground in half an hour. G'lang!"

During the ride Doctor Ingalls made an earnest attempt to diagnose the boy's case, and asked him a large number of questions regarding his health and habits during the preceding few months; to all of which queries Chris replied with perfect good-nature, for he was too

well pleased at having recovered the wonderful lamp to be in the least annoyed.

He found his father and mother anxiously awaiting him when, after securely locking the lamp in his desk, he joined them in the dining-room.

"Have you been taking a walk, Christopher?" asked Mr. Wagstaff, in a rather constrained tone.

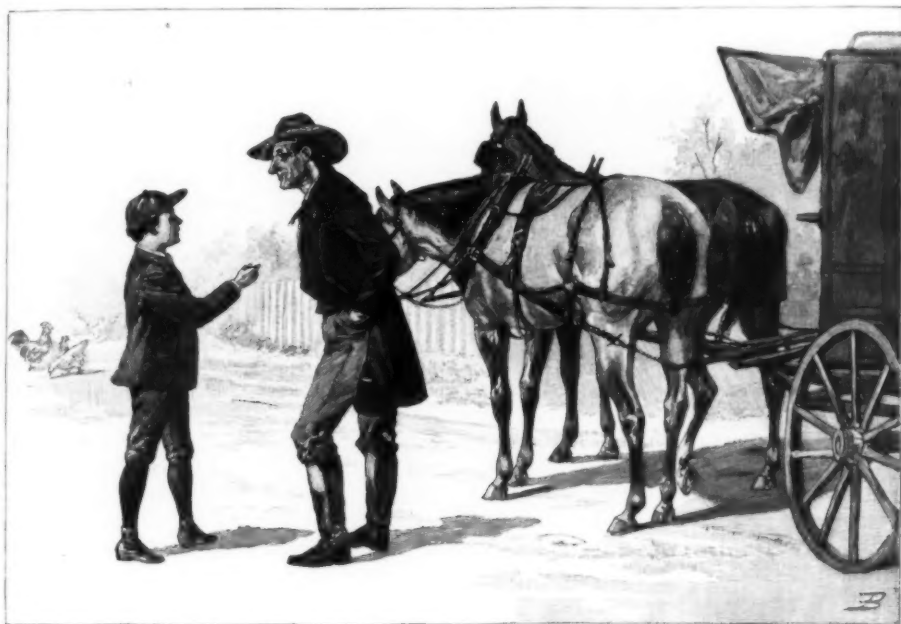
"Yes, sir. I walked to Newville, and rode back with Doctor Ingalls," replied Chris.

"I think I do understand them," replied his father.

"Oh, no; you don't, sir. Father, I'd like to go to school this afternoon."

"You cannot, Christopher. Doctor Ingalls's orders must be obeyed. You must refrain from all mental and physical exertion."

"Take some nice, quiet book, Chris, one that won't excite you," advised Mrs. Wagstaff, tenderly,—*"say the Pilgrim's Progress,—and go*



"WHAT I WANT TO SEE YOU ABOUT IS THAT OLD LAMP," SAID CHRIS."

"Huldah tells me you went in search of that old lamp," continued his father.

"I did, sir."

"Did you find it?"

"Yes, sir."

Mr. Wagstaff's face flushed slightly. He was about to speak again, but desisted at a warning glance from his wife, and the meal was eaten almost in silence.

As they rose from the table, Chris said:

"Father, you don't know what to make of a good many things that have happened lately; but you'll understand them before long—maybe this very afternoon."

VOL. XXII.—39.

out on the porch and read awhile. That's the best thing he can do; don't you think so, Pa?"

Mr. Wagstaff, who had his full share of the average man's dislike and intolerance of sickness in the house, and who was quite as much annoyed as alarmed at Chris's sudden and singular illness, stalked out of the room without vouchsafing a reply.

"He does n't mean to be unsympathetic," said the fond mother, passing her arm around the boy's neck; "but he has two or three legal matters on hand now that worry him a good deal, and your coming down so suddenly just at this time has quite upset him."

"But I *have n't* 'come down,' mother," said Chris, a touch of impatience in his voice. "Don't you see that if—but no; of course you can't understand it. You will, though, soon; and then you and father will see that you've done a lot of worrying for nothing."

He stepped out upon the porch,—not, however, taking the *Pilgrim's Progress* with him,—and, seating himself with his elbows on his knees and his head on his hands, began seriously



"WHY, I 'M ALL RIGHT NOW," SAID CHRIS, SITTING UP IN BED. (SEE PAGE 300.)

considering the relative advantages and disadvantages of several plans that had suggested themselves to him for making the fact of his succession to Aladdin's power and greatness known to the world.

His mother, looking out of the window for the twentieth time nearly an hour later, saw him suddenly raise his head and heard him burst into a hearty fit of laughter, and exclaim:

"That's the idea! I'll do it!"

"Oh, Chris, what *is* it?" she cried, hurrying to the door.

"Don't look so worried, mother," said the boy. "It's the best joke of the season—yes, of the century. I can't tell you what it is now, but you'll know very soon."

He ascended to his room, obtained the lamp, carefully wrapped it in paper, and with it under his arm started at a brisk pace for Chadwick's Acre, a lonely tract of stony, unproductive ground about half a mile from the village.

His destination reached, Chris looked cautiously about him to make sure that there were no witnesses; then he unwrapped the lamp, and gave it a rub.

The next instant the genie stood before him, this time in the rôle of Pulsifer Jukes.

"Well, what is it?" he asked apprehensively.

"Are you in trouble with your folks again?"

"No," replied Chris; "everything is lovely at home. There's nothing to complain of there."

"Ah, then I suppose it is at the academy. Now see here: if it's a thrashing, I've got a new scheme—I want to send a substitute. I'll guarantee him pains-taking and competent, and I'd feel awfully obliged if you'd use him. Honest, I'm not equal to the task to-day."

And the genie looked anxiously into his master's face.

"It is n't a thrashing," said Chris; "so you need n't worry."

"What is it, then?" the genie asked, with an ill-concealed sigh of relief.

"Well," replied the owner of the lamp, "I'm thinking of giving the people hereabouts a surprise. I want to let them see that I amount to a little more than they think."

"Now, *that's* the way I like to hear you talk," declared the genie, his face lighting up. "I've been trying to instil ideas like that into your mind all along, but you would n't pay any attention to me. However, I don't hold any grudge against you on that account. Let bygones be bygones. Now, let's have fun. You've no idea what a sense of humor I have. Why, I'm the most playful genie you ever met; I'd do 'most anything for a good laugh. Say, what shall we do to astonish the natives? What do you think of a cyclone? Never had one in these parts, did you?"

"No, and we won't have if I can help it," responded Chris, testily. "I don't want to kill off the entire population. I only—"

"You need n't kill anybody," interrupted the genie. "A few bones might be broken, but even that could be avoided if you were *very* particular. Still a cyclone is a cyclone, you know, and not a zephyr; and I tell you frankly I'd much rather not undertake to engineer it at all unless you give me *carte blanche*. I have a reputation to maintain, though you may not think it."

The genie's flushed face and high-pitched, angry voice showed that his patience was sorely tried. Observing this, and remembering his covert threat on a previous occasion, Chris thought it well to make an attempt to conciliate him.

"That 's all right," he said. "If I wanted a cyclone I'd leave it entirely to you, and I've no doubt you'd manage it in first-class style. But I don't."

"You might try one, anyway," cried the genie, eagerly. "You've no idea what fun it would be."

"Not to-day," replied Chris. "Now listen," he continued quickly, as the loquacious genie evinced an inclination to interrupt him again. "I'm placed in a false position before every one, and I don't like it."

"It 's no one's fault but your own," said the genie, with an uncompromising shake of the head.

"My folks think I am crazy," went on the boy; "and very likely that 's what they believe at school, too."

"I should n't wonder," replied the slave of the lamp; "and can you blame them? The upshot of the business is that you have n't used your power with the least judgment. You have persisted in placing yourself and me in the most embarrassing positions, and I suppose you 'll keep right on doing so."

"No, I sha'n't," said Chris, earnestly. "I'm going to start in on an entirely different plan. And, after all, most of the unpleasant things that have happened since I bought the lamp have n't been my fault at all; they were just hard luck."

"It is the way of the world," said the genie, "to rail at fate when we are forced to suffer the natural consequences of our own rash and wilful acts. They who tread the path of recti-

tude seldom have occasion to complain of hard luck."

He wagged his head solemnly, and looked so intensely virtuous that Chris was strongly reminded of the picture of the good old clergyman in the illustrated edition of *The Vicar of Wakefield* on the parlor center-table.

"You're a nice one to talk that way!" cried the boy, indignantly. "Why, I never told such a whopper in my life as the one you made Professor Thwacker believe."

"Well, I *did* n't think that even you would be mean enough to reproach me with that," said the genie, with a look of deep disgust. "The 'whopper,' as you call it, was told at your bidding and in the strict line of my duty. It was your 'whopper' a good deal more than it was mine: I should think your conscience would tell you that. Never mind, never mind," he added, waving his hand haughtily, as Chris attempted to speak; "we won't discuss the matter; it is only *another* point upon which you and I do not agree. And now, not to waste any more time,—mine is worth something if yours is n't,—why have you summoned me?"

"I'd have told you long ago if you had given me a chance to get in a word edgewise," returned Chris. "I'm going to astonish the people of South Dusenbury."

"You said that before. What do you mean to do?—delegate me to take a few more floggings? Speak out; don't be bashful."

"Of course I don't mean to do anything of the sort," said Chris, in a conciliatory tone. "I only want you to give the people an exhibition of the great powers I know you to possess."

"A truce to compliments," said the genie, still brusquely, though his master could see by the softening of the lines about his mouth that he was not insensible to the delicate tribute to his ability. "Tell me exactly what you want me to do."

"Well," said Chris, a little ill at ease, "I want you to do a lot of things; but first we must have a rehearsal."

"A rehearsal? What for? I don't understand you."

"It 's so long, you see," stammered the boy, evading his companion's questioning eye, "since you have built a palace or—or anything of that sort, that you must need a little practice."

"Nonsense!" snorted the genie. "I'm not a builder by trade, and I have n't put up so much as a woodshed in thousands of years; but

There was a sudden sound like the rushing of a mighty wind, then a blinding glare of light. Chris staggered back a few paces, and uttering



THE PALACE.

I keep my eyes and ears open, and I'm right abreast of the times. I have n't the smallest doubt that I could run you up the neatest and most commodious palace you ever saw in your life, all while you wait; and I *don't* need any practice."

"It won't do you any harm, anyhow," said Chris; "and I'd like first-rate to see you do it."

"Anything to oblige," returned the genie, between his set teeth. "Some people would show a little more—but never mind! Issue your orders, and they shall receive prompt attention. What is it to be?—a palace?"

"Yes, and right now."

a low cry of fear, covered his eyes with his hands.

Then came a strange silence, broken almost immediately by the voice of the genie:

"What's the matter with you? Why, you're as white as a sheet, and trembling like a leaf. Just cast your eye over this building, and tell me candidly what you think of it."

Chris removed his hands from his eyes; the next moment an exclamation of amazement burst from his lips. Chadwick's Acre was half covered by a magnificent marble edifice, many stories in height, and of an Oriental, and extremely ornate, style of architecture.

At the entrance stood the genie in full evening dress, rubbing his hands and smiling complacently.

"You seem quite broken up," he said. "Did n't think you 'd stumped me, did you? You gave me mighty short notice, but I flatter myself I 've made rather a neat job of it."

"It 's wonderful!" gasped Chris.

"Oh, it 's fair to middling," said the genie, shrugging his shoulders. "I acknowledge I have n't put my best work on it, for I don't like the location—it 's too lonely, too out of the way, for yours truly. Still, there 'll be an improvement in that respect before long. This palace is bound to raise the price of property

to see how your ideas as to the furnishing and artistic decoration agree with mine."

As he finished speaking, the door was opened by a liveried attendant, who bowed obsequiously and said:

"Welcome 'ome, Mawster Chris. I 'opes has 'ow yer 'll find heverythink to yer liking."

"English servants are the best in the world, to my way of thinking," whispered the genie in Chris's ear; "and you 'll find them all through the palace, except in the kitchen. There I have established a French *chef* who can make a soufflé that is a dream, sir—a dream! Well, shall we go up in the elevator, or would you like to walk?"



"AT THE ENTRANCE STOOD THE GENIE."

in the neighborhood at least five hundred per cent. You mark my words, there 'll be a real-estate boom right here before you and I are many days older. Tell your father if he has any surplus capital to invest, that there is now offered to him the chance of a lifetime. But come right in and inspect the interior. I want

Chris expressed a preference for the latter mode of locomotion, and they started up a grand staircase which the genie stated was an exact duplicate of that in the Grand Opera House in Paris.

"Electric lights all through, you observe," continued the genie, his face flushed with excite-

ment; "hot and cold water in all the rooms—in short, every modern improvement that suggested itself to me in the very brief time you allowed me."

"I *might* have given you five minutes or so longer if I'd thought," said Chris, half apologetically.

"Well, I wish you'd thought," returned the genie. "Aladdin gave me an entire night, which made the erection of his palace merely child's play. But, after all, you've got just about as good a building. It's entirely different, though, except in one particular."

"What is that?"

"Wait till we get to the top floor and you'll see," replied the genie, with a mysterious smile. "There's something up there that will interest you, and we'll get lots of fun out of it."

Chris's curiosity was aroused, and although they were then only on the third floor, he insisted upon taking the elevator at once, and ascending to the upper story.

The journey was made in remarkably quick time: scarcely half a dozen seconds had elapsed when the elevator-boy called out:

"Twelfth and last. Straight ahead for the grand saloon."

"Now, then," said the genie, with animation, as they stepped from the car, "I suppose you remember about the grand saloon that Aladdin got me to put on the top floor of his palace?"

"Oh, yes," replied Chris, smiling at the recollection. "The walls were of gold and silver in alternate layers, and there were twenty-four windows, six on each side."

"Exactly," interrupted his companion; "and the lattices of twenty-three of those windows were enriched with diamonds, rubies, and emeralds, while the twenty-fourth was left entirely unadorned."

"I remember," said Chris. "The Sultan, Aladdin's father-in-law, tried to finish that window in the same style as the rest; but after he had used up all the jewels he could lay his hands on, he threw up the job, and then you finished it in a few seconds."

"That's right," laughed the genie. "I don't think I ever had so much fun in my life as I did watching the old Sult. try to decorate

that window. He worked like a horse,—I'll give him full credit for that,—and even went so far as to have the jewels dug out of his crown and replaced with paste. But what was the use? He could n't compete with me, as a matter of course. Now, then, I'm going to show you an exact reproduction of that saloon."

An ebony and pearl door before which they had been standing flew open, revealing a room of such surpassing beauty and magnificence that Chris exclaimed:

"Why, the fellow who wrote the *Arabian Nights* did n't half do this justice!"

"Just what I've always said," rejoined the genie. "He was a bright, brainy young chap, but painfully careless and slovenly, especially in description. We must have a delegation of New York and Boston reporters on here to write up this room. I'll pay for a special train for them, and entertain them at my own expense; I could n't say fairer than that, could I? But now I'll tell you what I meant when I said we'd get lots of fun out of this room. I want you and your father to get Congress to make a big appropriation to complete that twenty-fourth window. I'll be back of you all the time, you understand; and you'll get the appropriation—be sure of that. We'll make it a condition that they forfeit the money if they don't succeed in making the lattice quite equal to the others, and we'll agree to give them the building if they do. Now, as they can't possibly do it, don't you see that it'll be a first-class speculation? And think of the fun! Why, we—"

"Nonsense!" interrupted Chris; "it's out of the question."

"Why is it out of the question?" cried the genie, excitedly. "Why, it seems to me nothing could be simpler."

"See here," said Chris, very sharply, for he felt that it was about time they reached an understanding, "are you my slave, or am I yours?"

"If it comes to that," replied the genie, somewhat reluctantly, with a look of mingled anger and surprise, "I suppose that I am yours and the lamp's."

"Then please pay a little more attention to

what I say, and don't talk so much yourself. Did n't I tell you that I only had you put up this palace as an experiment?"

"An experiment?" almost shrieked the genie. "What do you mean?"

"I mean just what I say," returned Chris, firmly. "I got you to build the palace just for a little practice. I thought you might be a trifle rusty, and I wanted to be sure that you could really do it. And it's got to disappear mighty soon, too; for I don't want any one to see it."

For nearly a minute the genie gazed steadily at his master without speaking; and there was a hard look on his face that the boy did not like. At last he said with an air of icy formality: "I think I understand you now, and I will try to make you understand me. Suppose we go down to the banquet-hall? We can discuss the matter there over our glass of soda-water, which I should decidedly recommend for a lad of your tender years."

Chris nervously followed his slave to the elevator.

"Be kind enough to let us off at the second floor, Watkins," said the genie to the elevator-boy.

When the banquet-hall—a superb room done in ivory and gold—was reached, the evidently perturbed genie touched a bell, and ordered the servant who appeared to bring some refreshments for Chris.

Then he turned to Chris, saying:

"Now let us come to an understanding. You can't think how tired I am of—"

But while the genie was speaking, the boy, who was standing by the window, had caught sight of four of his school-fellows approaching at no very great distance, and he now interrupted his companion unceremoniously.

"I can't stop to talk now," he said. "Make this place disappear, and in double-quick time."



"HIS SURROUNDINGS VANISHED LIKE A PUFF OF SMOKE, AND HE FELT HIMSELF FALLING."

He had scarcely uttered the last word when his magnificent surroundings vanished like a puff of smoke; and a cry of dismay escaped his lips as he felt himself falling.

(To be continued.)



A TURBULENT FAMILY.

FROM THE PAINTING BY MADAME HENRIETTE RONNER.

(SEE PAGE 350.)

JACK BALLISTER'S FORTUNES.

BY HOWARD PYLE.

[*Begun in the April number.*]

CHAPTER XXXII.

JACK RESOLVES.

THAT evening, soon after dark, the Captain went to bed again to make up the sleep that had been broken in upon in the morning. "I hope he 'll sleep hisself out of his evil humor this time," said Dred to Jack, who sat opposite to him in the fireplace.

They could hear Betty Teach stirring around in the young lady's room overhead, and now and then the sound of her voice, and now and then the sound of Miss Eleanor Parker's voice in reply.

Jack sat staring into the fire after she had gone. His mind was very full of the thought of Miss Eleanor Parker. Every now and then the things about him wove themselves into the woof of his thoughts. He heard Betty Teach walking along the passageway up-stairs. Then he heard her close the door of her own bedroom, and then the sound of her voice and Blackbeard's as they talked together. "She always has a pleasant word for me. I do believe she likes to see me. She always looks pleased to see me," Betty said.

"When she came ashore that time, she reached out and took hold of my hand," Jack thought. And then he remembered how firm and frank had been her grasp as he had helped her up to the landing; how warm and soft her hand. "She thought then that she 'd be with us only a week," he went on; "and now it 's been over a month. Why, yes; 't is nigh to two months." Dred got up and pushed the log with his foot, and it blazed up into a bright flame, lighting up his fallow face, and shining red in his narrow, black, beadlike eyes. Jack watched the kindling flame with interest.

Then it was that the thought that now seemed to him to have lurked in his mind all

day took a sudden form. What if he himself should help the young lady to run away? The thought came upon him almost like a physical shock. He paused in his thinking; then he began to think again. Yes; he had tried to run away in Virginia, and his luck had been good. What if he could run away again now, and take her with him! He leaned, with his elbows on his knees, looking into the glowing coals. It could not be so difficult a thing to do; he could take one of the boats down there at the landing—the yawl-boat, perhaps. He would have to take some provisions along. He would fill a barraca* with water. Then, when all was ready, he would go to the young lady's room and would arouse her. He would take her bundle of clothes up and leave them at her door. She would dress herself and come down, and then he could guide her quietly to the landing. He would help her into the boat; and—

Dred took out his pipe and filled it, and Jack watched him. Then the pirate picked out a hot coal from the fire, and, tossing it rapidly from hand to hand in his horny palms, dropped it into the bowl of his pipe and began puffing it into a spark of fire. Then Jack went on thinking again. They would steal away in the darkness. The pirates would chase them the next day, and they two would hide in the creeks and inlets, and so would gradually make their way down to Ocracock. It would take them maybe two or three days to sail from the inlet to Virginia; but if the weather was good it would not be a hard or dangerous thing to do. What glory there would be for him if he could bring her safe back to Virginia! What a hero he would be! Colonel Parker would bring him to live at Marlborough, maybe, and would tell everybody how he, Jack, had helped Miss Eleanor to escape from Blackbeard the pirate. His thoughts assumed such big proportions that he suddenly broke the silence without thinking.

* A small Spanish barrel or cask, sometimes flattened on one side so as to lie in a boat without rolling in heavy weather.

"Dred," said he; and then the sharp sound of his own voice struck him with a shock. With a quick, keen regret, he wished that he had not spoken; but he had spoken, and Dred was looking up at him attentively, waiting for him to continue.

"What is it?" said Dred at last, breaking the silence.

"Methinks the young lady up-stairs is mightily sick, Dred. Don't you think so?" And Jack felt that his heart was beating quickly.

"Yes, I do."

"I know very well that she is n't so strong as she was when she first came here."

Dred looked steadily at him, holding the pipe loosely between his fingers. "Well," said he, "what then?"

"Well," said Jack,—and again he felt how heavily his heart was beating,—“if the young lady don't get away from here pretty soon,—if she ain't got away one way or another,—to my mind she'll be like to die.”

Still Dred looked at him steadily. “D' ye mean,” said he at last, “that ye've been thinking of helping her to get away?”

Jack did not reply. He hardly dared to look at Dred.

“I wonder if you've really got the heart in your breast to do such a thing as that?” said Dred.

“I think I could do it if it came to the point,” said Jack, almost whispering. He wondered, trembling, what Dred would say to him next.

Dred still continued to look steadily at him. “D' ye know,” he said abruptly, “to my mind, what ye said is true enough. I can't say as the young mistress is really sick of anything, but she just seems to get weaker and weaker all the time.” Jack wondered fleetingly whether Dred had been thinking of the same thing that had occupied his mind. “She ain't used to the life she's living,” Dred was saying; “and it be n't the kind she can live on even if she was feeling strong and well. But she ain't well; and she ain't been, since she came here. Maybe 't was the way we took her away from home sort of broke her heart like.”

“D' ye mean to say that she's going to die?” said Jack, with a keen thrill at his heart.

“No,” said Dred; “I don't mean that,

neither. But I do mean this: that at any moment whatsoever she might be taken sick and die afore we knew it. The way she was out in the storm was enough to fetch on a cough fit to kill a gell raised as she was raised.”

“But surely,” said Jack, forgetting in the direct present his vague plans of a moment or two before—“but surely it can't be so long before the Captain hears something from Virginia. Then 't will be only a matter of a week or so till she 's sent back again. You know very well the Captain's looking for a letter from Virginia any day now.”

Dred shook his head. “To my mind,” he said, “—and 't is growing stronger and stronger—to my mind, there 's summat going on that we knows naught about. To my mind, there 's summat wrong about this here business; there 's summat going on that Blackbeard himself nor any on us knows naught about. To my knowledge, the Captain 's sent three letters to Virginia, and he ain't heard a word from any o' the young lady's people yet. What d' ye suppose is the reason of that? Why be n't there summat said in all this time? Here it has been two months, and not a line. What d' ye suppose is the meaning of that?” Jack shook his head. “I'll tell you what I believe, and what I've been believing for some time past now, Jack”; and Dred knocked the ashes out of his pipe and pocketed it. “I don't believe the young lady's uncle intends as she shall come back to Virginia at all, and that 's the very living truth.”

“What makes you think that, Dred?” said Jack.

“Why,” said he, “because he don't pay any attention to what the Captain says. Here he's led the Captain into kidnapping the girl, and here she is down in North Carolina, far away from all her friends; and he pays no attention to the Captain's letters, and just lets her stay here till she gets the fever or summat and dies of it; and that she 's sartin to do soon or late—and, to my mind, 't will be soon.”

Jack sat silent, looking moodily into the fire. “I wish I'd never come here to North Carolina,” said Jack.

Dred shrugged his shoulders. “If wishes was hosses,” he said, “all on us would ride.”

Again the two sat looking reflectively into the coals. "Well," said Jack at last, drawing a deep breath, "what 's to be done?"

"Why," said Dred, "did n't ye tell me just now that you 've got the heart to run away with her and take her back to Virginia? Did n't ye mean what ye said? Now, if ye do, I say that I won't stand in your way, that 's what I mean."

Jack stared blankly at Dred. He had not dreamed that the rambling thoughts and fancies that had carried him along all the evening could possibly assume such suddenly real form and substance.

"But, Dred," said he, "would I really dare do such a thing as that?"

"That 's for you to say," said Dred. "I tell ye what 't is: if I was a young fellow like you, and hale and strong and not crippled up with the fever, I know very well I 'd not stand by and see a pretty young lady die afore my eyes, and do naught to try and help her—no, not if all the pirates 'twixt here and Indy stood in the way."

Jack sat almost motionless looking at Dred, who, upon his part, sat looking steadily at the lad with his keen, narrow, black eyes. "And would you help me, Dred, if I went?" he said at last, in a voice dry, almost whispering, with excitement.

Dred hesitated a moment. "Yes, I would," he said, still looking steadily at Jack; "I 'd be willing to help you."

Jack got up and kicked the smoldering log into a blaze. He stood looking down into the fire. He heaved a labored sigh. "I tell you what 't is, Dred," said he: "'t would be an awful risk to run."

"There 'd be some risk," said Dred; "there 's no denying that. But I did n't ax ye to take it; I did n't ax ye to go; 't was your own notion, and not mine. Well, if you ha'n't got the courage for it, arter all, why, let it be, and don't go. I sha'n't blame ye."

Again Jack sighed heavily. It seemed to him as though he could hardly breathe. "If I go, will you go along, Dred?" said he, after a while.

"I!" said Dred; "I go! Why, no; I don't want to go. 'T were n't my notion to go at all; 't were yourn."

"Well, even if it was my notion, you thought it was a good thing to do. You might go with me."

Dred shook his head.

"You 're bold enough to advise me to go," said Jack, bitterly. "It takes no heart to advise me to go, when you run no risk yourself."

Dred shrugged his shoulders. "Well," said he, "if you have n't the heart for it, why, don't do it. I don't see what you talk about it for if you did n't mean to go."

Jack leaned against the mantel. He rested his forehead against his arm, and looked down into the flickering blaze. "I 've a mind to go, Dred," said he.

Dred did not reply.

"If you were in my place, Dred, when would you go?" said he again, presently.

"When?" said Dred. "Why, I 'd go to-night."

Jack raised himself with a jerk. "To-night!"

"Yes; to-night."

Jack stood perfectly motionless, looking at Dred fixedly for a long time. "To-night!" he repeated; "do you mean now—this minute?"

"Yes, I do."

The house was perfectly silent. Hands coughed in his sleep, and it sounded loud in the stillness. Suddenly Jack stretched out his hand to Dred. "Dred," said he, "I 'll—I 'll do it!" Dred reached out and grasped Jack's hand. Jack wrung Dred's almost convulsively; his own was chill and trembling with the tenseness of his resolve.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE ESCAPE.

"I SUPPOSE," said Jack, after a while,— "I suppose 't will be best to take the yawl-boat." He rubbed his hands together. They felt chill and numb to him.

"Why, yes," said Dred; "I do suppose it will be best. She 's rather a trifle heavy for ye to handle, maybe; but she 's more broad of beam and more weatherly than t' other ones, and ye can stow yourself more comfortable-like aboard of her, d' ye see? I 'll go and help you get it ready." And he arose.

They went out of the house together. The

black, starry vault of night brooded still and serene. Jack, intent upon one thing, thought of nothing else—felt nothing else.

They came to the wood-house. It gaped black with its open front. The two stood gazing into the darkness for a moment or two.

"We 'd better have brought a lantern with us," said Dred.

"I know where the oars and sail are," said Jack. "You wait outside here, and I 'll go in and hand 'em out to you." He went into the shed, and, feeling around, found a box which he tilted up on end to stand upon. There were some chickens roosting on the rafters, and they clucked and gurgled sleepily as he rattled the oars, drawing them down from the high beams overhead. He handed the oars down to Dred, who took them from him. Next he tried to take down the mast and sail. He struggled in the darkness for some time before he could draw them out. "You 'll have to help me with this sail," said he at last; "I can't get the teasing thing out—never mind, here it comes." He dragged it heavily.

Then the sail and the mast came down so suddenly as nearly to pitch Jack off the box. "There it comes," he said; "and a teasing enough thing it was, to be sure."

Dred helped him out with it, and they laid it beside the oars.

"Where 's the ax?" said Dred.

"I 'll find it," said Jack; "I think I know where 't is." Again he entered the shed and fumbled around in the darkness for a while. "Here 't is," said he. "What d' ye want with the ax?"

"We 've got to stave in the boats, d' ye see?" said Dred, as Jack handed it out to him.

"To stave in the boats?"

"Aye, so as the Captain and t' others won't be able to folly the yawl-boat in them, nor to send up to the town for help to man the sloop to chase ye."

"Oh, yes," said Jack; "I see."

"You 'll have to carry these here things down to the beach," said Dred; "for I hain't got the strength to do any carrying. I 'll take the ax, and that 's about all I can do."

"Very well," said Jack; "I can carry the

others easy enough, if you 'll only lift them up to my shoulder."

The broad mouth of the creek stretched out dim and gray in the night. A slight mist hung in the air in the lee of the further shore, above which the tops of the trees showed dimly and obscurely in the night. The pallid, rippling surface of the water seemed to stretch away infinitely into the distance. The little waves beat with a recurrent and pulsing plash upon the shore, and the chill air was full of the damp smell of brackish water. Dred had stepped into the boat and across the thwarts. There was a barraca in the bows. He lifted it to the thwarts. "I don't reckon the water in this barraca is fit to drink," said he; and he pulled out the plug and smelled of the water. "It does n't smell bad," he added; "but I reckon 't would be better to get some fresh. You carry it up to the house, and we 'll fill it at the cistern." He tilted the barraca and held it while the water ran out gurgling and gurgling.

They went back to the house together. Dred took off his shoes on the door-step outside, and Jack followed his example. Dred lit the candle from a splinter of wood at the fire, and then led the way from the kitchen into the store-room adjoining. He and Jack took down two hams from the hooks in the ceiling, and brought out two bags of biscuit, one of them filled and the other about half empty.

By the time they had made everything ready—had filled the barraca with water and had taken it and the provisions down to the boat, and had stowed them away in the locker in the bows, and had stepped the mast, and had loosened the lashings that held the sail—the time was pretty well advanced toward midnight. "Now then," said Dred, handing Jack the ax, "we have to stave in the boats, and that 's all. Smash 'em well while 'e 's about it, lad"; and Jack jumped into the first boat and began with a will crashing and splitting the bottom boards into splinters. Then he went to the next, and the next, until he had stove in all of them. Then he and Dred pushed the yawl off from the shore, pulled her up to the wharf, and with the stern-line and the bow-line lashed her to the piles.

And now all was ready for departure.

When they again returned to the house, the fire had burned down to a heap of dull-red embers just showing through the white ashes. "I reckon ye 'd better be rousing the young Mistress now," said Dred. "So far as I see, everything else is ready. Stop a bit—tell her not to put on her shoes till she gets out of the house. D' ye understand?"

"Yes," said Jack; "I understand."

The stairway passage ascending to the floor above was as dark as pitch. Jack, carrying the bundle of clothes, felt his way along the wall up-stairs through the darkness. He could hear Blackbeard's regular snores and the deep breathing of his sleeping wife. Once a step creaked loudly under his tread, and he stopped still, listening with a thrilling heart. But no one seemed to have been disturbed, and he continued his way—still feeling along the wall—toward the young lady's room. Reaching the door, he tapped softly and cautiously. In a moment he heard a sudden stirring.

"Who's there?" she said sharply; and Jack thrilled at the sound of her voice in the muffled silence.

"S-s-sh!" he whispered; and then, after a moment's pause, "T is a friend who hath come to help you if you 'll only be still. Come to the door,—but make no noise."

"Who is it?" she repeated, this time whispering.

"T is I—'t is Jack. I 'm going to help you get away home again if you choose to trust me. I 'm sorry for you and all your trouble, and so I 've come to help you. You must n't ask any questions now. I 've brought back your clothes that Betty Teach took away from you a while ago. I 'll lay 'em here just outside of the door. If you dare trust me, and will dress and come down-stairs, I 'll try to help you away home again."

Then there was dead silence.

"I don't know what you mean," she presently whispered.

"Never mind," said Jack; "I 'll tell you all about that after a while; but I can't stay here any longer now. I 'm going to take you away back home again, if you choose to have me do so; and Dred 's down-stairs to help us get away. He bade me tell you to put on what

clothes you need, and to fetch the rest with you. Be as quiet as you can about it, Mistress; and be sure"—remembering Dred's injunction—"to bring your shoes in your hand with you. You may put them on outside. We 've got a boat down at the landing all ready to take you away.—Do you understand me?"

"Yes," she whispered in reply.

When Jack came down-stairs into the kitchen, he found that Dred had got together a number of additional articles. He had taken a couple of rough overcoats from the hutch. A little pile of sweet potatoes and a bottle of rum stood upon the table. He was putting the sweet potatoes into the capacious pockets of one of the overcoats. He looked up as Jack entered silently in his stocking-feet. "Is she coming?" said he.

"Why," said Jack, "she seemed kind of dazed, but I think she understood me."

Dred laid the overcoats over the back of the chair. "You bring them and her bundle of clothes," said he, "and I 'll take the young lady down to the boat."

"Very well," said Jack.

They were waiting silently for her coming. Presently Dred went to the door, opened it, and stood looking out into the night. The waning moon was about to rise, and the east was lit with a pallid light, almost like the light of the first dawning. The cool air rushed whispering through the grass, and every now and then the foliage of the cypress-trees swayed mysteriously and blackly before it against the starry night sky.

Jack heard a faint, soft sound upon the stairs. "Here she comes," he whispered.

Dred turned sharply around, and the next moment the door opened and the young lady was there. She was very pale. She carried her silk traveling-bag in one hand, and her shoes in the other. "Are you ready, Mistress?" said Dred.

She nodded her head.

"Very well, then. You take her bag, Jack, and fetch along the overcoats. You may put on your shoes out here on the steps, Mistress." Dred waited until she had slipped her feet into her shoes, and then he helped her down the

steps and out into the night. Jack followed with the overcoats and the bundle, and so they went together through the long dark grass down to the landing. "This way, Mistress," said Dred; and he led her out along the wharf to where he and Jack had lashed the yawl to the piles. Jack stepped down into the boat, and tossed the overcoats and the bundle into the stern. Then he and Dred assisted the young lady into it, and Jack seated her upon the broad, bench-like seat that ran around the stern of the boat, forming with the stern-thwart a sort of cockpit.

"That 's all now, is n't it?" said he.

"That 's all," said Dred. "Ye be all ready now."

"Well — well then, Dred," said Jack — he stood up in the boat and reached his hand to Dred, who took it and held it, — "well, then, good-by, Dred, good-by! I 'd give all I have in the world if only you were going along."

"Would ye?" said Dred, as he held Jack's hand tightly.

The young lady aroused herself. "Is n't he going too?" she said.

"He says not," said Jack.

"Why, d' ye see, Mistress," said Dred, "I have n't been well. I 've had a bad fever, and I 'm too weak and sick to be of any use."

"Oh, I thought you were going too," said she, with a tone of keen disappointment in her voice; and Jack felt a dull, uncomfortable pang that she should not be more willing to put all her trust in him.

"Do come along," said he to Dred. "You see the young lady ain't willing to trust me."

"Ye hain't got victuals enough, anyway," said Dred.

"There 's two hams and two bags of biscuit," said Jack. "Why, 't is enough for six."

Dred stood silent, looking down into the boat. Suddenly he burst out, "Well, I suppose I 'll have to go. I know I be the eternallest fool that ever stepped in shoe-leather! If I go, and your father don't look arter me, Mistress, there 'll be no such thing as thankfulness in the world."

"But my father will care for you," said she. "He 'll pay you well for bringing me back."

Dred jumped down into the boat.

"D' ye mean it?" cried Jack. "D' ye mean you 'll really go?"

"Why, you see I mean it," answered Dred, gruffly, — almost angrily, — as he began casting off the lines that held the yawl to the wharf.

"Oh, Dred!" cried Jack. He flung his arms around the pirate, hugging him close, and almost kissing him in his joy.

"Let go o' me!" said Dred. "What d' ye mean, hugging me like that?" He tried to thrust Jack away with his elbow. "What 'll the young lady think of ye? Get away, I say!" And then he burst out laughing. "Why, what a young fool ye be, Jack! I knowed ye could n't manage by yourself. But I tell ye what 't is, Mistress, I depend on what you say. If your father don't stand to me for this, there 's no such thing as thankfulness, for sure." He and Jack were pushing off the yawl. "That 's it; shove her off a bit more now with the oar," said Dred. And then the yawl drifted off from the end of the little wharf into the broad waters of the creek.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE BOAT ADRIFT.

COLONEL PARKER was still a very sick man, but he had so far improved that he had begun to take some steps for the recovery of his daughter. Governor Spottiswood had come up to Marlborough to see him, and had found him very much broken with what had happened. "The villains!" said the sick man; and in speaking his lips trembled. "They murdered my Ned, and now they have taken the only other one that was left me!"

There was something infinitely pathetic in the helplessness of the proud, great man, and his twitching, trembling lips. The Governor could not reply, but he pressed the hand he held. Mr. Richard Parker stood by during the Governor's visit. The Governor looked at him, and wondered that he could be so unmoved; and then he remembered that all this was an old story to Richard Parker, while it was the first time he had seen Colonel Parker since the misfortune had happened. "Have you thought of what steps had best be taken?" said the Governor.

"Why, yes, I have," said Colonel Parker; and he put his weak hand to his forehead. "My brother Richard seems to think it would be better to wait till we have word from the villains who kidnapped my Nelly." He turned his eyes toward his brother as he spoke. "But I can't wait; I must do something to find her, and I can't wait. Just as soon as I am well enough I am going to take steps to find her."

"The 'Pearl' and 'Lyme' are lying at Jamestown now," said the Governor. "I was talking t' other day about your misfortune to some of the officers who had come over to the palace. Lieutenant Maynard was there. He said he would be willing to raise volunteers, and to take command of them, if only boats were supplied to him. He is a brave and experienced officer, and hath had to do with the pirates before at Madagascar. He saith that a couple of small sloops will be all that he will want, and be better than a man-of-war for such business and in shoal, coastwise water."

"Why, then, he shall have whatever he wants," said Colonel Parker. "He shall please himself in everything. There is my schooner yonder—a good, stout boat, and fit for any enterprise. How would she do, d' ye think?" He seemed eager for and glad of anything that would distract his mind from his trouble.

"Methought that you would do 'whatever was needed,'" said the Governor, glad to encourage him. "I told Maynard so, and he hath gone ahead to secure a fine, stout sloop. That and the schooner will be all that he can need."

"I should advise to wait a little while longer," said Mr. Richard Parker, cutting into the talk. "We have waited so long as this, and it can do no harm to wait a little longer. I would rather wait to hear from them. Of course they will write to make some sort of a bargain sooner or later. 'T is now over a month since she was taken, and 't is only a matter of a little more patience."

"Patience!" broke in Colonel Parker, tremulously. "'T is easy enough for you to talk of patience, Richard; but how can I be patient who have lost all I hold most precious in the world? Oh, Nelly, Nelly!" he cried, covering his eyes with his hands, "I would give all I have in the world to have thee back again!"

Mr. Richard Parker said nothing further, but he shrugged his shoulders.

Before the Governor went, he took Mr. Richard Parker aside. "Sir," said he, "there may be truth in what you say, and I will tell Maynard what you say; but there is no doubt that 't will be better to do something to arouse your brother. He sitteth here eating his heart out, and any action is better than none. I'll advise Maynard that he lay off near the mouth of the bay till he hears something that may determine him what to do. Do you approve of that?"

Again Mr. Richard Parker shrugged his shoulders.

Two boats were fitted out—the schooner and a large sloop. It took maybe two weeks to arm the boats and victual and man them. Very unexpectedly, and at the last moment, Colonel Parker himself took a berth in the schooner. Mr. Richard Parker advised him vehemently not to go, and Madam Parker besought him with tears to remain at home. The doctor assured him that it was at the risk of his life that he went. "Sir," said the great man to the doctor, "I have been a soldier. Shall I then stay at home when my own daughter is in danger, and let others do the fighting for me? You shall go along, if you please, to look after my poor body; but go I shall."

They sailed first to Norfolk, and then out into the mouth of the bay. Colonel Parker's wish was to sail directly to Ocracock, where the pirates at that time were most apt to take shelter. But Lieutenant Maynard was very firm in the opinion that they should beat about in the bay until they heard some news that might direct their further action.

One morning, about ten o'clock, the lookout in the foretop of the schooner sighted an open boat under sail beating up into the bay. They signaled to the sloop, which was about four miles distant, to join them, and then ran down toward the boat they had sighted, upon the chance of gathering some news. As they came near they could see that the boat was very heavily loaded, and the lieutenant could make out with the glass that there were some twenty men and, apparently, two women, aboard of

her. They could see the men in the boat waving their hats, and presently they could hear them cheer. The men were unshorn, disheveled, weather-beaten. The two women looked weak and bedraggled.

Colonel Parker was not well that day, and had remained in the cabin. Lieutenant Maynard stood at the open gangway as the boat and the schooner drifted nearer and nearer together.

"Hullo!" Lieutenant Maynard called out. "What boat is that?"

A man whose chin was bristling with a week's growth of beard stood up in the stern. "The jolly-boat of the bark 'Duchess Mary,' from Southampton, bound for Charleston in South Carolina," he called in answer, making a trumpet of his hands.

The rowers in the boat, alternately dipping and raising their oars, drew her, rising and falling upon the lumpy sea, nearer and nearer to the schooner. The poor wretches were all looking up at the larger vessel, their rough, hairy faces crowded together and turned upward in the sunlight. "How d' ye come here?" said Lieutenant Maynard. "Who 's in command?"

"I 'm in command," answered the man in the stern of the boat,— "Edward Billings, first mate. We was fired into by pirates, and sunk, nine days ago. The two other boats, under command of the captain and second mate, was parted from us day afore yesterday."

As soon as the mate of the lost bark came aboard, the lieutenant led him into the cabin, Colonel Parker was lying upon the seat, his head upon a pillow, and a blanket spread over him. He raised his head as the two entered.

"This man is the first mate of a boat that hath been attacked and sunk by the pirates," said the lieutenant. "I thought you would like to hear what he hath to say from his own mouth."

"Why, then, indeed I would," said Colonel Parker. He arose, and looked the shipwrecked mate over. The man was very weather-beaten. "Here, Cato!" called Colonel Parker; and then, as the negro appeared, "Fetch in a bottle of Madeira and some biscuit. You 'll have some refreshment, won't you, sir?"

"Thank ye kindly, sir," said the shipwrecked

first mate, scraping a bow, and touching his forehead with his finger.

"Now, then," said Lieutenant Maynard, "let us hear about it."

The negro came in with the wine and biscuit. The man poured himself out a glass of Madeira, as he began telling his story. They had, he said, nine days ago fallen in with two vessels, both sloops, some hundred or hundred and twenty miles off Cape Hatteras. The vessels looked suspiciously like pirates, and they had crowded on all sail to run from them; but after two days' chase the pirates had come up with them. The smaller of the two sloops had overhauled them first, and the other being more than a league away, they had made a smart running fight with her, hoping to overpower her before the other could come to her aid. But they had not been able to do so, and in the mean time the other had come up, and they were forced to surrender. They had cut up one of the sloops pretty badly; so, perhaps out of revenge, after the pirates had taken a lot of cloth goods, some bales of silk and linen, and several casks of Madeira from the *Duchess Mary*, they had fired a broadside into her, in spite of her having surrendered. The broadside had struck them heavily astern, betwixt wind and water. There was a heavy sea running at the time, and in spite of all they could do they found the vessel was taking in more water than they could pump away. At last, finding that she was sinking, they had gone off from her about sundown, and she had gone down a half-hour later. Since then they had been adrift. He said that they had had ample provisions and water aboard, and that they had not endured any especial hardships, except from the weather,— a three days' blow from the north having caused them a good deal of trouble. He said that the captain's and the second mate's boat had got parted from them two nights before. The pirate Captain, he said, was a terrible-looking spectacle. He had a long, black beard plaited into three plaits; and he had lighted slow-matches stuck under his hat brim. "He looked," said the mate, "like a raging fury, rather than like a Christian creature."

"Why, then," said Lieutenant Maynard, "if



GOVERNOR SPOTTISWOOD VISITS COLONEL PARKER.
(SEE PAGE 319.)

that be so, I believe I know who 't was, and that 't was the famous Blackbeard. For so he nearly always goes into a fight, sir, as this worthy man describes him, with lighted slow-matches stuck around his hat. I think, sir, we should put back to Norfolk, and get those poor wretches ashore. The authorities should be informed of this."

As the lieutenant and the mate of the *Duchess Mary* came out of the roundhouse together, a little man with a lean, dark face, a stringy black beard covering his cheeks, and dressed in a sort of nondescript costume, came straight up to Mr. Maynard. He was one of those of the rescued boat. Maynard looked the little man over as he approached. "Well, my man," said he, "and what can I do for you?"

"Sir," said the little man, "I ask for nothing but justice."

"You go forward where you belong, Burton," said the mate of the rescued boat.

"Not till the gentleman hears me," cried the little man.

"What do you want?" said the lieutenant. "What is the trouble?"

"Sir, I have been foully dealt with," said the little man. "I am a lawyer; my name is Roger Burton. I am a man of repute, and held in respect by all who know me. Sir, I was struck upon the head and nearly killed; and while I lay unconscious I was kidnapped, and came to myself only to find myself aboard of a vessel bound for the Americas."

"He was one of a lot of redemption servants

brought aboard at Southampton," said the mate.

"Well, I am sorry for you, my man, if what you say is true," said the lieutenant; "but 't is all none of my business. Many men are brought hither to America, as you say you have been, and your case is not any worse than theirs."

"What, sir!" said the little man; "and is that all the satisfaction I am to have? Is that all you have to say to me? I hold the position of a gentleman, sir, in the eyes of the law. I have the right to sign myself 'Esquire,' as you, sir, have the right to sign yourself 'Lieutenant,' and to go under a gentleman's title. Am I, then, to be put off when I ask for justice?"

"I am not a magistrate," said the lieutenant. "I am an officer in the navy. You are a lawyer, you say. Well, then, you can plead your own case when you get ashore."

"Come now, Burton; you go forward where you belong," said the mate.

"And will you, then, not listen to me?" cried the little man.

"You heard what your commanding officer said," said the lieutenant; "did you not? I have told you all that I have to say. He told you to go forward. I tell you that I am not a magistrate, and cannot help you." Then the little attorney walked away, dolefully.

"How many of those poor people had you aboard?" asked the lieutenant.

"We had twenty-five in all. I had eleven with me in the boat—nine men and two women."

(To be continued.)

TO-MORROW.

BY HARRIET F. BLODGETT.

BEYOND the gate of twilight lands,
 Across the fields of night,
 The fair To-morrow waiting stands
 To greet the morning light.
 So close your eyes, my sweetest sweet,
 And close your eyes, my dear,
 And when you wake, for your sweet sake
 To-morrow will be here.

And when you see her, hold her fast,
 Lest she should slip away,
 For some folk say she will not last,
 But fades into to-day.
 Yet—close your eyes, my sweetest sweet,
 And close your eyes, my dear,
 And when you wake, for your sweet sake
 To-morrow will be here.



How the Cabin Boy Saved the Fleet : 1666.

BY EMMA E. BROWN.

It was on one August morning,
Just between the dusk and dawning,
When the Dutch came down the bay
Where the English vessels lay;
And their hissing shot and shell
On the British flag-ship fell
Till two masts were shot away.

Then brave Narborough, discerning
How the battle-tide was turning,
Strove in vain to signal aid
'Midst the blinding cannonade,
Till he called in accents loud:

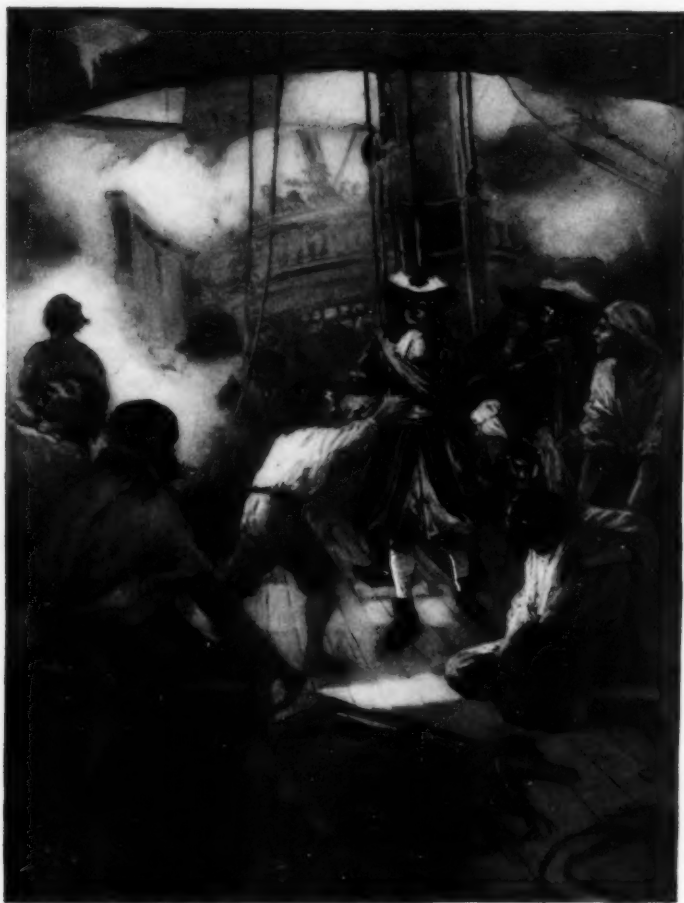
"Is there one among this crowd
Who will risk his life for all?"
Swift in answer to his call
Came a lad with eager face—
"Take and use me, sir!" he said.
"You can spare me from my place,
And death I do not dread."
So the cabin-boy that day,
'Midst the thunder and the flame,
Swam across the seething bay—
Far across,—a floating speck,—
Till, at last, unharmed he came
Where the waiting allies lay.

"'T is a miracle!" they said;
And, as one raised from the dead,
So they drew him up on deck.

Thus it was when hope had fled
From the British ranks that day,
And the fleet with sore dismay

And they scattered far and wide
All the enemy that night.

Then, amidst the shouts of joy,
Narborough called the dauntless boy
Who had turned the tide of war.
"Honor unto whom 't is due,



"SWIFT IN ANSWER TO HIS CALL CAME A LAD WITH EAGER FACE."

Saw their wounded and their dead
Falling fast on every side,
Suddenly there came in sight,
Bearing down upon the right,
With fresh guns, fresh men, fresh nerve,
All the longed-for, grand "reserve";

And we owe it all to you,
Cloudesley Shovel, brave and true!"
Said the Admiral, who foresaw
Even then a grand career
For this boy so void of fear;
And while cheer rose after cheer



"THEY DREW HIM UP ON DECK."

For the hero of the hour,
 "May I live," old Narborough
 cried,
 "Till I see you, lad, in power—
 Till one day I see you stand
 On the ship that you com-
 mand!"

Years passed on—his wish came
 true;

For the Admiral lived to see
 Cloudesley Shovel admiral too!

Well we know his history:
 How he bravely faced the foe
 At La Hogue and Malago—
 Barcelona, Bantry Bay.

Victory after victory
 Crowned the cabin-boy's career;
 And Westminster's nave to-day,
 'Mong her knights that knew no
 fear,
 Holds his name enshrined away!



THREE FRESHMEN: RUTH, FRAN, AND NATHALIE.

BY JESSIE M. ANDERSON.

[*Began in the January number.*]

CHAPTER IV.

RECEIVED BY THE SOPHOMORES.

That old enchanted Arabian grain, the Sesame, which opens doors,—doors, not of robbers', but of Kings' Treasuries.

—*Ruskin.*

"You blessed old Ruth," exclaimed Fran, "we shall not be fairly in college till we have been received by the dear things to-night. And what do *you* propose to wear, Johnny Rokesmith?"

"Oh, Ma Boffin," answered Nathalie, "if crying were not a lost art in the Bower, I should lay me down right here and howl, for I have n't a *thing* I can wear! Here it is only a month since we came, and I feel like—I mean *as if*—I were squeezed half to death in that pale-yellow gown."

Hereupon Fran, toning down her merry face and voice to an unearthly somberness, seized Nathalie, and forcing her into the "short-side" step which they had just learned in "gym.," began to chant:

"Stout—er
Than—I
U—used to—o *be!*
Still—more
Corp—u—
Lent—gro—ow *I!*
There—will—
Be—too
Much—of—me
In—the—*coming*—by—and *by!*"

Nathalie laughed, and breaking away, sank breathless into a chair; but Fran, studiously scanning her face, cried, "There is still a tear threatening the left side of your nose. You need some more light-hearted exercise. Don't you remember what the Prex said about the mental cheer to be gained from muscular exertion? Come!" And dragging up the reluctant Nathalie, she began again—this time the "long-side":

"One—two—three—four!
Gentle Jane—was—as good—as gold!
She always did as she was told.
She never spoke when her mouth was full;
Nor caught bluebottles, their legs to pull;
Nor spilt plum-jam on her best new frock;
Nor put white mice in the eight-day clock;
Nor vivisected her last new doll;
Nor fostered a passion for alcohol;
And when she grew up, she was given in marriage
To a first-class earl, who kept his carriage."

By the time they reached this climax in Jane's history, they had upset two chairs, nearly knocked over the tea-table, and sent Ruth into fits of laughter in a helpless heap on the lounge.

"There!" said Fran. "Now you are both of you in a more reasonable state of mind! We are now ready to proceed to the weightier matter of a gown. Nathalie, that yellow gown of yours *must* be received by the sophomores; it's far too fetching to be left out. I think there are still some ducats in the Boffin bank,—yes! We will go without lump-sugar in our tea for a day or two, and get you some yellow chrysanthemums to fill out the gap in the belt,—for if you *will* come to college you *must* breathe!"

"That is the most ingenious idea of yours!" said Ruth, admiringly. "Now, 'Odysseus, fertile in resources,' if you will only help me about the neck of this thing!"

"Why should n't the Ma of the family?" responded Fran in a matter-of-fact way, taking the needle from Ruth's fingers, and deftly gathering up tiny knots of blue ribbon to surround the slender throat.

Not only Ma of the Boffins, but president of the freshman class, was Fran; and Pa and Our Mutual Friend looked proudly on when they saw her ushered in and officially presented to the president and vice-president of the sophomores.

The scene had a pleasant background. In

the wide gymnasium hall, the three walls with their chest-weights and other apparatus, and the balcony and platform on the fourth side, were covered with pine-branches and pine-cones set in big clusters,—the class colors of the sopho-

"The neophyte as the unsophisticated freshman is most appropriately in white," said the vice-president of the class, Miss Raymond, as she and Fran joined the promenaders, having been officially decorated with the freshman "favors"



"YOU NEED SOME MORE LIGHT-HEARTED EXERCISE," SAID FRAN."

mores—brown and green. Just behind the receiving party was a ladder of four rounds, set among the pine-branches, with the class motto over it in Greek letters, *Phosde*. On the second round had been placed a figure in sophomore brown and green, leaning over to help a figure in pure white just stepping up to the first round.

—tiny brown bags with a green ribbon tied around the fat neck of each, and neatly labeled *Salt*.

"Oh, it only means that we wear the college color till we choose something for our own," answered Fran, absently. "For my part, it seems as if class colors, like novel-plots, are exhausted in these days of overdoing things.

But we must call a class meeting next week and talk it over."

"Just gaze at Ruth!" whispered Nathalie, passing on the arm of a silent, grim-looking sophomore in a stiff black silk and gold-rimmed spectacles. "Do you see her yonder, in the corner, hobnobbing with the Greek professor?"

reached the mantelpiece candles, not the sun," said Fran impatiently, with a backward glance at the ladder. "Really, I do think, Ruth, this is the *tamest* frolic I ever saw. It only shows what a lot of girls with a few of the oldest 'profs'—for the young ones stay away—can do. The next reception they have, I mean to have



"MOUNTAIN DAY"—OFF TO THE HILLS.

"I mean to find out what they are talking about," answered Fran, as the grim sophomore marched Nathalie down the line, while Fran slipped away from Miss Raymond, and caught Ruth just leaving her professor.

"What do you mean by monopolizing one fifth of the men in the room? Can't you leave him to the ladies, Pa Boffin? And why do you look so very solemn?" said Fran to Ruth.

"He was just speaking of the *Phosde*, 'Lightward,'" said Ruth thoughtfully. "He made it all seem very real and earnest, the ladder and—"

"And when you get to the top, you have

my Amherst cousin over. He is a freckled country boy,—I have always called him the 'Spring Chicken,' and when you see him, you'll know exactly why. But he is livelier than four hundred and fifty girls. I don't know the twenty-seven I've met to-night from any other twenty-seven,—is n't it a farce!"

"Fran, dear, you are in a very bad humor," said Ruth. "I think it is one of the most interesting entertainments I ever heard of, myself. The Sophomore Glee Club will sing now in a minute: they say they sing very well; and there is a mandolin club. Have you a program?"

Near the piano the buzz of talk stopped, and the quiet gradually spread to the back of the room, as the singing began: first to the tune of "Where, oh where, are the Hebrew Children?"

Where, oh where, is our dear Prexie?
Where, oh where, is our dear Prexie?
Where, oh where, is our dear Prexie?
'Way over in the Promised Land!

He went up with the Minor Prophets,
He went up with the Minor Prophets,
He went up with the Minor Prophets,
'Way over in the Promised Land!

His last words were, "Two walks a day!"
His last words were, "Two walks a day!"
His last words were, "Take *two* walks a day!"
'Way over in the Promised Land!

This song, with accompaniment of banjos and much clapping, went through the names of the faculty in a naïve, unreserved fashion.

Two or three more of the familiar college songs, in the intervals of promenade and fresh introduction, and then the inevitable "Good night, Ladies!" and the freshmen were "fairly in college," for the reception was over.

CHAPTER V.

"PA" AND "MA BOFFIN" HAVE A DOMESTIC CHAT.

No receipt openeth the heart but a true friend, to whom you may impart griefs, joys, fears, hopes, suspicions, counsels, and whatsoever lieth upon the heart to oppress it, in a kind of civil shrift or confession.

—Bacon, "Of Friendship."

When Ma Boffin got home from the sophomore reception, she found Ruth already in bed, with the gas turned low. There is scarcely any state of affairs more conducive to crossness on both sides.

The irritation that Ruth felt at being kept awake, she carefully covered with the remark: "You would better turn up the light, dear; you can't undress in the dark;" to which Frances replied with responsive self-control: "Oh, yes, I can! You go to sleep; you must be tired, working on that committee!"

A silence followed, broken in about five minutes by a half-audible groan from Frances, as she felt about on the floor for a dropped scarf-pin.

Ruth sighed effectively; then let out fifteen

minutes' worth of irritation in querulousness of tone. "I fail to see, myself, why your being a popular girl, and all that, obliges you to stop to talk to every girl in the college before you come home. You're a born politician! But you'll pay for it with a headache to-morrow, if you don't get to bed pretty soon."

Frances turned out the light altogether, and crossing the room, kneeled down by Ruth's bed and said softly:

"Ruth dear, I know I'm a very trying girl to room with, and I'm cross to-night. But now, truly, *did* you like that reception? And *do* you like walking and eating and reciting and playing tennis and generally chumming, with such quantities of *girls*? Don't you ever think it is pleasanter in the real world, with men and women,—just a trifle more of spice?"

"What do you mean?" said Ruth, gently,—greatly pleased with Fran's unusual affectionateness, but quite in the dark as to what she was talking about.

"Oh, Ruth, have n't you felt so? Then there's no use of talking about it. But I gaze around at those rows of girls in the dining-room, and I think: Was it ever meant that a girl should be taken away for four years from her life as daughter and sister at home, with all the training there is in that life for the future home-making that comes to most women in some shape, and be set down here, where she is just a bachelor student? Here we work our heads over books or in the laboratories, and expend our social instincts on making groups of girls laugh over our own little college jokes. The trouble is that we don't go home in the afternoon, and apply our geometry to planning the location of the parlor rugs, or our brightnesses to cheering papa at dinner. We skip that for *four years*, and it's too *long*."

"No, no, no!" said Ruth warmly. "You are wrong, Ma Boffin! How can you talk so? It seems to me that you are disloyal to the whole life here, and to the whole question of the Higher Education of Women. You can't mean it. Don't you remember what the college catalogue says, that 'the training here is to fit us to do better our work in life, whatever that work may be'? Does knowing Greek unfit a girl for making biscuit?"

"Ideally, never! Practically it may unfit her for home duties nine times out of ten."

"Don't you believe that every woman, in this age and country, should be fitted to make her own way? Come, Fran, you say I'm a hopeless idealist; but that is practical enough! You know what an advantage college training gives a woman there."

Ruth, being fond of reasoning, would have gone on for hours, analyzing and meeting objections. But Frances, having stated her beliefs, acquired quite as much by intuition and observation as by logic, was tired of the argument, and leaving the shaft she had sent to do its own work, said with her usual directness:

"It's high time we were asleep."

"Nathalie looked lovely to-night, didn't she?" Ruth remarked, to break what she felt was an awkward silence, as Fran bent to kiss her good night.

"There's more grit in that soft-voiced little bit of humanity than appears in her naïve smile," Fran replied, with decision. "Of course she is a mere child,—years younger, practically, than either of us, Ruth. But she has a store of resolution. She has been used, all her life, to having one darky bring her hot water in the morning, and another one turn out her light at night; and now do you see how plucky she is about doing things for herself here? *Pauvre petite!* she's homesick almost every evening; but when she feels like crying, she marches over to the Music Building and works 'like a nigger,' as *she* would say, at her voice. And it is very hard, up-hill work, that vocal practice. Professor Letowski takes her for a mere afternoon-tea singer; and she does not look like a serious worker, and her training has been very amateurish. But she is determined to make him change his mind about her. The other night I went over to Music Hall, and found the child singing away for dear life, on the stupidest of exercises, with a tear rolling down each side of that dear little nose and balancing on the tilt of it!"

Fran's picture was so vividly droll, that Ruth laughed as heartily as Fran herself had laughed on the real occasion. Then both yawned, and then laughed again. And as the college clock struck one, Fran crept to her own little bed.

"You've admitted that college life is doing something for Nathalie," was Ruth's parting thrust.

"Oh, yes; it is stiffening her spinal column," Fran answered amicably.

Meanwhile Nathalie lay sound asleep in number twenty-eight.

CHAPTER VI.

MOUNTAIN DAY.

For beauty, truth, and goodness are not obsolete; they are as indigenous in Massachusetts as in Tuscany or the Isles of Greece. —Emerson, "Art."

OUR older New England universities set a worthy example before the younger generation of colleges, in sending out their students, for one whole day in golden October, to live among the everlasting hills.

On other days their young men and women may geologize over rock-strata, and botanize among flower-petals. But for this once they must lay aside hammer and glass and dissecting-needle, to breathe into their lungs the clear air of the hilltops, and into their hearts the beauty of autumn sky and frost-painted foliage.

And so Ruth found herself keeping Mountain Day at Smith College, as her father had kept it, thirty years before, at Williams.

Great plans were on foot; and parties—big and jolly, or select and intimate—were packing luncheons, and folding shawls, and donning gloves and hats, while horses of all sorts and conditions, from all the neighboring livery-stables, were pulling up before the houses vehicles of the oddest shapes and sizes.

The Boffin party was unique. Ruth, naturally a philanthropist, and trained to city missionary work at home, had taken charge of a class of young women in one of the town Sunday-schools. Most of this class were mill-hands. Alternately laughed at and sympathized with by Fran and Nathalie, she had begged of the mill-manager that she might have the ten girls for this one day.

Having gained her point, and her invitation being most eagerly accepted by all ten, she had, about a week beforehand, consulted with the other Boffins about ways and means. Fran was, as usual, the only one who had any "ducats"

beyond enough to keep her in postage-stamps, and the problem began to look rather serious.

"It is just like me!" said Ruth, dolefully. "I *am* a theorist, as you've always said, Fran dear! I never thought of the money! But if we take them to The Orient, or Mount Tom, or even to Sugarloaf, we shall need a big buck-board and four horses, and that will be fifteen dollars!"

"There is only one way to manage it!" said Fran, with all businesslike severity. "We must earn the money. And it can be done—easily enough. There!" and fishing out of the waste-basket a huge piece of brown wrapping-paper, she smoothed the creases and printed on it, in clear, large letters:

NOTICE.

THE UNDERSIGNED

Are prepared to serve the public in the following particulars, for one week, beginning October the twentieth:

Tennis-courts marked out, with superb quality of whitewash, warranted right angles at the corners, per court	\$0.75
Beds made, each	.10
Shoe-buttons sewed on, each	.05
Stocking-holes darned, per square inch	.15
Walnut or date-creams, home-made, per lb.	.60
Hot waffles, each	.10
Notes on lectures copied with gold pen, per page	.10
" " " with "stylo," per page	.05

THE BOFFINS.

"*Voilà!* If we don't make fifteen dollars out of that, I'm an Irishman!"

The notice was pinned up at the end of the corridor; and within a few days seventeen dollars and eighty-five cents in silver and copper jingled merrily in the Boffins' bank.

The result was now seen in the shape of a long wagon with two seats along the sides,—known thereabouts as a "barge,"—filled with Ruth's mill-girls, while the Boffins and Mother Hubbard, whom they had captured for the scheme, were ingeniously sprinkled about as entertaining committee.

Ruth, pleased with her plan's success, threw herself conscientiously into the work of talking to the two girls beside her. Fran, entering into the affair with the more human notion of the fun to be had out of the occasion, managed to

distribute her enjoyment as far as her voice and laugh could reach. And Nathalie sat next to Mother Hubbard, smiling at Fran's jokes, and trying to be unconscious of the very admiring stare of the girl opposite, who had an eye for delicate beauty and no shyness in enjoying it.

Through the country they drove for four hours of a perfect October forenoon. Now and then a long farm-house stretched beside the road its length of kitchen and wood-house and barns, and was flanked by fields of yellow pumpkins gathered into piles or lying in rows at the foot of deserted bean-poles.

Ahead, Mount Holyoke and her "sister peak, Mount Tom" (so called by an Amherst freshman in one of his compositions) lifted their heads and looked across at each other, like old friends wondering how the rift had come between them.

Very hungry the girls were when, at noon, they drew up in front of a big inn at the foot of Sugarloaf, where they had planned to add hot coffee to their luncheon.

Refreshed by biscuit and chicken, they started afoot up the hill, along a road too steep and woody for the horses, and were rewarded by a view, somewhat shut in, but mellowed and harmonized by the warm haze almost like that of an Indian summer.

Back again at the inn, seated around on the floor before a log fire, they suggested that some one should tell a story during the time they had to spare before starting for home. Fran urged Ruth to lead off, but Mother Hubbard said: "We have just about time for one short story, and I move that we draw lots for the teller." The lot, decided by drawing slips of paper from Fran's sailor-hat, fell to Nathalie. So, after much urging by Pa and Ma, she began:

"We have an old negress on our plantation at home, my old Mammy, who is very fond of hearing her 'young Miss' sing. There was one song she just loved to hear. Fran, if you'll get my guitar, I'll sing it for them."

Surprised at the shy Nathalie's forwardness, Fran encouraged it with a bright smile and a pat on the shoulder, as she handed her the guitar, and whispered: "That's fine, John Rokesmith!"

Nathalie took it, and sang—less and less consciously as she went on:

"Ask nothing more of me, Sweet!
All I can give you, I give!
Heart of my heart, were it more,
More should be laid at your feet!
Love that should—help you to—live!
Song that should spur you to soar!
Ask nothing more of me, Sweet—
Ask nothing more, nothing more!"

step, looking up at Mammy in the most love-sick way,—and she a-singing:

(Here Nathalie again took up the guitar.)

"Ask nuffin moh ob me, Honey!
All I can gib, I gib yoh.
Haht ob my haht, was it *moah*,
Moh should be laid at yoh feet!
Lub dat should help yoh to lib,
Song dat should make yoh *soah*, Honey!
Ask nuffin moh ob me, Honey!
Don' yoh be askin' no moah!"

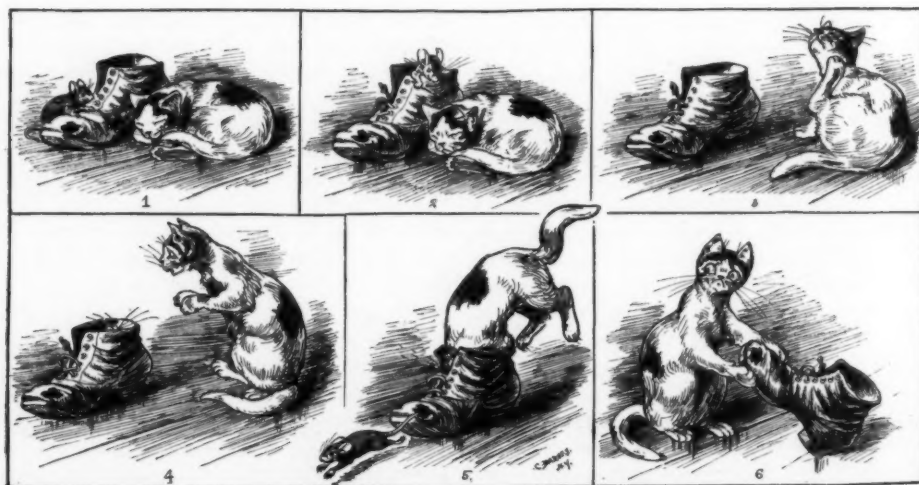
Everybody was quiet as Nathalie ended—very simply, with a pathetic little twang in the last line, as if tired out with the fervor of the words and music. Then she laughed, a little nervously, and went on:

"You see, old Mammy had stopped her dusting so often to hear me sing that, she pretty nearly knew it by heart. And one day Mama and I were walking up the terraces from the river, about four o'clock in the evening, and we heard Mammy's voice a-quaverin' away, and we stopped and listened. And there was old Jake, the gardener, a-sitting on the kitchen

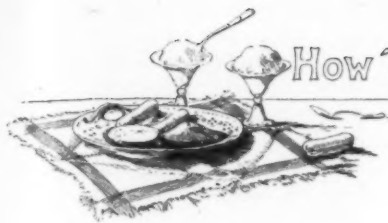
Nathalie positively refused a very persistent encore to the dramatic little tale, and took modestly, but with a blush of pleasure, the applause accorded to her amusing story with its guitar accompaniment.

The drive home was even gayer than in the morning, as the guests had lost their shyness. The mill-girls' thoughts were lingering over the day's pleasure, or sobering to the remembered work of the morrow, with its endless clattering of heartless iron spindles. Ruth could not keep her head from puzzling over certain mysteries of wealth and poverty.

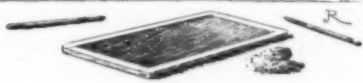
(To be continued.)



THE MISCHIEVOUS MOUSE AND THE ANGRY CAT.



How TED WAS ENTERTAINED.



BY MARY V. WORSTELL.

HE was out of sorts, was Theodore Hays. He felt that he was ill used, and perhaps you know what that is. It makes a body feel as if he were better than the rest of the world, and—oh, bitter thought!—as if the rest of the world was indifferent to the fact.

The real state of the case was this. Theodore had been sick with the measles, and now he was in a state of convalescence that made him as cross as a little bear. Besides, the whole family were going to "Barnum's." They had delayed this annual dissipation till the very last night possible, and even then the doctor had forbidden Theodore to go. From this you will see that if ever a boy had a right to be cross, that boy was Theodore Hays.

Because Theodore was really a capital fellow, I will not describe at length the scene that greeted his Aunt Alma when she stepped in, that particular evening, to read him a few stories from a certain magazine.

"Oh, bother! I *hate* stories—I hate everything and everybody—and I hate the circus, too! But—oh, dear!" he inconsistently wailed, "I *did* just want to go like sixty!"

"There—there! Teddie boy," said his mother; "don't make us all unhappy. Here is Aunt Alma, who has come to spend the evening with you. And I have told Annie to bring you something nice at exactly nine o'clock. So have just as good a time as you can, and then we all will have a pleasanter evening."

There certainly was something rather inviting in the prospect, after all. Aunt Alma was always good company, and—what was Annie to bring him at nine o'clock? Was it to be oranges, or grape-fruit, or wine-jelly?

Well, the front door closed at length, and

before any more troublesome thoughts could intrude, Aunt Alma said brightly:

"What shall it be to-night, Ted? Shall I read you a story, or shall we play a few games?"

By this time Theodore had bravely resolved to allow his Aunt Alma to entertain him without making a too desperate resistance, so he said, almost amiably:

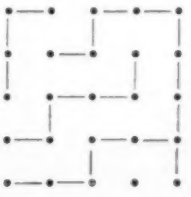
"Do you know any nice *new* games, Aunt Alma?"

"I know two 'slate-games' that are so old they will be quite new to *you*, Ted."

Ted's slate was close at hand, and the first game they played was called "Patchwork." First of all, Aunt Alma put ever so many dots on the slate in a square form, like this:



Aunt Alma and Ted began drawing lines from one dot to another, in turn. Soon the slate looked like this:

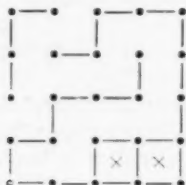


The game required each player to make a line in turn, and each player tried to make the

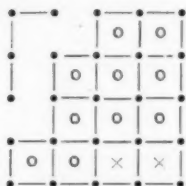
line without enabling the opponent to complete a square. As often as a player completed a square he earned the right to make another line at once.

Before he knew it, Ted was completely absorbed. It was really exciting: for, as has been stated, when a player added a *fourth* side to a square he had the privilege not only of adding another line just as often as he completed a square, but he could put his own mark inside the square. Ted used an X, and Aunt Alma an O.

At length Aunt Alma was forced to add a third side to a square, and she prudently drew it on the lowest line at the right hand. Ted saw his chance, triumphantly completed one square—two squares! and put an X in them,—thus:



He was so elated with his success that his next line was drawn without caution, and this enabled his opponent to make a fine showing; for when he drew an upright line at the extreme left between the lowest two dots, as shown in the diagram just above, he lost not only one, but ten squares; for she could complete all marked with an O, as shown here.

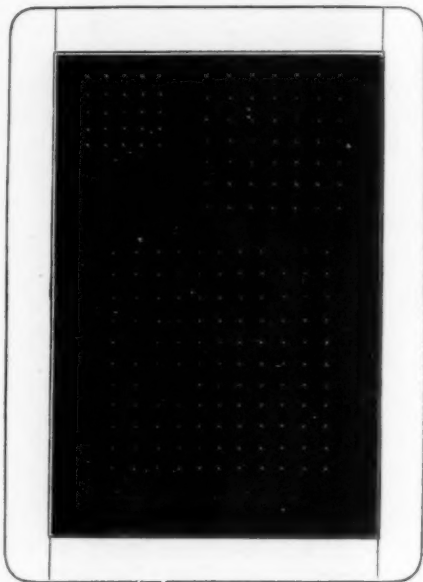


Then Aunt Alma filled in another line, and Ted had the pleasure of making a large X in each of the four remaining squares.

You see that Ted gained only six squares, while Aunt Alma made ten.

"Not a very good showing," said Ted. "But I warn you, Aunt Alma, that I see through it now, and in the next game I'll beat you badly. Please make another diagram, only make it a great deal bigger; for I'm going to scoop in squares by the dozen."

So Aunt Alma made one diagram after another, each diagram having more dots in the



beginning than the one that went before. Ted was so interested that he forgot all else; and when a square containing one hundred dots at the beginning had been made into "patchwork," Ted counted in it three more squares to his credit than there were to his aunt's.

"There, Aunt Alma! How do you like being beaten at your own game?"

"I like it so little," said Aunt Alma, pretending to be very much dejected, "that I propose another game called 'Touch-me-not.'"

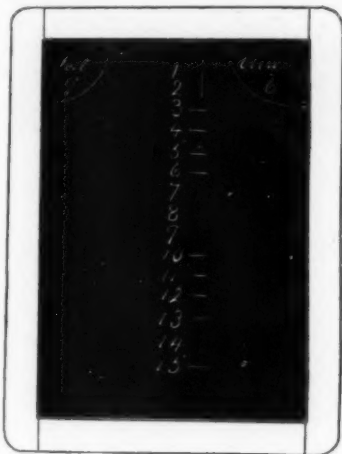
"All right," assented Ted.

It was very easy to learn; and I think Ted liked it better than "Patchwork," which, he confided to his aunt, "sounded more like a girl's game than a boy's."

This is the way the slate looked before the game began:



Aunt Alma, without letting Ted know which one she chose, wrote one of the fifteen numbers on the back of the slate; and Ted tried to mark other numbers than the one she had chosen, but at last he checked off 15.

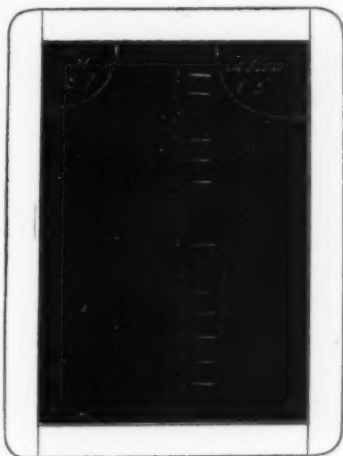


Now 15 was the number written on the back of the slate, and therefore Ted counted all the numbers beside which he had drawn lines; so his corner of the slate had a large 9 placed in it,

and Aunt Alma, who could only count the unchecked numbers as her share, had a modest 6 placed to her account.

Then Ted wrote a number on the back of the slate, and Aunt Alma checked off the numbers. Whoever first made 50 (or any number previously agreed upon), won the game.

Never mind who gained the first victory. I will show you how the slate looked when they were finishing their fourth game of "Touch-me-not." In this game they made the number to be reached 100 instead of 50.



Ted gave a long, low whistle as he checked off his eleventh number and won the game.

Just then the clock struck nine, and Annie rapped gently at the door.

"Come in," said Aunt Alma.

Annie bore a tray, and on it was some ice-cream, pistache and strawberry, Ted's favorite flavors, in the prettiest mold you ever saw. There were lady-fingers, too.

All games were suspended for the evening, and Ted, who had entirely recovered his good nature, said graciously half an hour later, as his aunt was getting ready to go home:

"You're a brick, Aunt Alma! This has been *almost* as good as 'Barnum's.'"

THE DOINGS OF A MOLE.

(Eleventh paper of the series, "Quadrupeds of North America.")

By W. T. HORNADAY.

A LARGE number of ST. NICHOLAS boys should know a great deal about moles by personal observation. In very many regions of the United States moles are plentiful and cheap, and are easily investigated. In a clay country they are not so abundant as elsewhere, because wherever clay soil predominates it bakes so hard on the surface that it interferes seriously with the mole's business. Buffalo clay, for instance, is forever safe from his attacks; for, powerful as he is, I don't believe he will be able to drive any tunnels under its flinty surface until nature provides him with a rock-drill, and electric power to run it.

Wherever you find loose or sandy soil, with sufficient annual rainfall to support earthworms, look for moles, and you will be likely to find them. Sandy Florida is a great place for these animals, but the fact that the soil is mostly clear sand is a drawback to tunneling. The tunnels fill up so quickly it is rather discouraging. I was once much surprised to find where a mole had left the shelter of the saw-palmettos, and tunneled down beneath the naked ocean beach for a hundred feet or more. It looked on the surface as if he had started for the briny deep to get a drink, but when I caught him he assured me he was hunting for a tiny little crustacean called the sand-flea, that burrows in the sand.

Central Indiana is a perfect mole's paradise, —his "happy hunting-ground," in which digging is easy, all his improvements are permanent, worms and garden vegetables are plentiful, and escape is easy. Not long ago, I invaded that particular portion of his domain, and during a brief halt improved the shining hour by interviewing some of the inhabitants of the underground world. We found the COMMON

COMMON MOLE.

(*Scalops aquaticus*.)

MOLE at home; and although it was the middle of April, and gloriously warm

at that, he was still to be found in his winter-quarters—the bottom of a snug potato-hole in the garden, where, in a very comfortable nest, were two young ones two and a half inches long.

The mole was invented expressly for digging and tunneling in the earth, just as particularly as a bird was made to fly, and a fish to swim! Catch the first one you can, tie a long string to one of his hind legs, and then devote an hour to studying him. Even though you never before thought of such a thing as studying the form of a small quadruped, you will surely find the mole interesting.

And what a curious little beast he is, to be sure! In appearance he is merely a flattened, oblong ball of very fine and soft, shimmering gray fur, pointed and footed at both ends. From the end of his nose to the insertion of his tail, he measures six and a quarter inches, and his naked little pinky-white tail looks like an angle-worm one and three quarter inches long. His nose projects half an inch beyond his mouth, and it feels as hard as if it had a bone in it. It terminates in a broad, flattened point, shaped for all the world like a rock-drill—and the way in which it can bore through the earth is astonishing.

But his fore feet! They are three quarters of an inch wide, but less than an inch in length, including the claws, the longest of which measures nearly half an inch. Each foot is a miniature spade, armed with very sharp and powerful claws, formed like chisels, for cutting earth. The fore legs have no length whatever, the feet being set on to the body *edgewise*, close beside the jaws, with the soles outward. The ends of the claws point as far forward as the end of the nose.

Now place the wriggling and restive little creature upon the ground, on a spot where the ground is not unreasonably hard, so that he

may have a fair chance for disappearing, and see what he will do.

The instant he touches the earth, down goes his nose, feeling nervously here and there for a place to start his drill. In about one second he has found a suitable spot. His nose sinks into the soil as if it were a brad-awl, with a half boring and half pushing motion, and in an instant half your mole's head is buried from view. Now watch sharply, or he will be out of sight before you see how he does it. Up comes his powerful right foot, sliding close along the side of his head, straight forward, edgewise, to the end of his nose. His five-pointed chisel cuts the earth vertically until it reaches as far forward as his short reach will let it go; then, with a quick motion, he pries the earth sidewise from his nose, and so makes quite an opening. Instantly the left foot does the same thing on the other side, and meanwhile the gimlet-pointed nose has gone right on boring. In *five seconds*, by the watch, his body is entirely out of sight, and only his funny little tail can be seen. In three minutes he will tunnel a foot, if he is at all in a hurry to get on in the world.

Now, suppose you kill him, for the fact is that he is a nuisance, and sit down in the shade to skin him, slowly and carefully, with your pocket-knife. You will undoubtedly be surprised at the remarkable form of the creature's fore legs. The arm and forearm is a big, hard bundle of tough muscles and powerful tendons, giving the skinned fore leg a shape like an Indian club, and of enormous size in proportion to the creature's body. A 160-pound man built in the same proportion would have a biceps as large around as a peck measure, and strength enough in it to dig like a steam-shovel.

With the animal's skin off, you will see how curiously the wedge-like head lies between the club-like fore legs, and their living spades. Externally there is no eye visible; but if you look just right you can distinguish, *under the skin*, a tiny dark speck where the eye ought to be, and probably is. In skinning the head, you find that the eye is completely covered by the skin, and can be useful only to distinguish daylight from darkness. The eye-ball is about the size of a small pin-head, quite without a bony orbit,

and is found floating on a tiny stem between the flesh of the head and the skin.

The skeleton is curiously constructed, especially that portion of it which constitutes the digging apparatus. The stomach contains the remains of earthworms and insects, but so finely pulverized by the teeth that no portion of the contents is recognizable any further.

Desiring to learn just how much tunneling a mole can do in a known number of hours, we caught a good large specimen, and immediately turned it loose in the middle of a five-acre field of clover. The grass was so thin and winter-killed that the ground was practically bare, but not loose like the soil of a cultivated field. Five seconds after the mole received its freedom, it had burrowed out of sight. This may seem past belief, but the fact is vouched for by the official timekeeper. Sticking a stake at the starting-point, we retired and left the digger hard at work.

The start was made at 11 A. M., and the direction taken was eastward. By 6 P. M. the mole had dug 23 feet in a zigzag line, but keeping the same general direction all the time, and without digging any side-galleries. By 11 A. M. of the following day the tunnel had been driven 31 feet farther, with numerous side-galleries, and 4 feet had been added at the end next to the starting-point. In another hour 10 feet had been added at the extremity, making 68 feet of main line and $36\frac{1}{2}$ feet of branches, or a total of $104\frac{1}{2}$ feet of tunnels, dug in 25 hours. The bottom of the tunnels ran very evenly about 4 inches below the surface. Sometimes the hole was elliptical in shape, measuring $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches in width by 2 inches in height, and sometimes it was triangular, measuring 2 inches each way. The surface of the ground was usually cracked, and raised about an inch along the course of the tunnel. I made a careful map of the doings of this mole, drawn to scale along a base-line, and it is reproduced on the following page.

When the time came to catch our mole again, it proved to be no easy matter. Starting in at one end, we laid bare the entire system of tunnels without finding their maker, and finally gave up the search; but a renewed effort presently revealed his hiding-place at the point indicated on the map. He was found at the

bottom of a steep hole, about eighteen inches below the surface.

One thing is very evident from a single



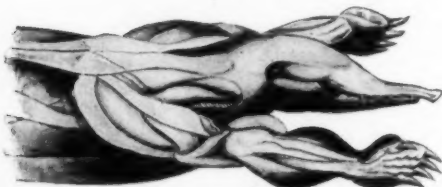
AMERICAN SHREW-MOLE. (SEE PAGE 340.)

glance at the map: though perpetually blind, and working underground in total darkness, the mole has a sense of direction which enables him to run a tunnel in a given direction for a long distance. To be sure, his magnetic needle varies a good deal now and then, as it does in the compass of the mariner; but each time he manages to correct his bearings, and get back to his true course in a way which, in a blind animal working underground, strikes me as really wonderful.

While the favorite food of the mole consists of worms and burrowing insects of all sorts, he



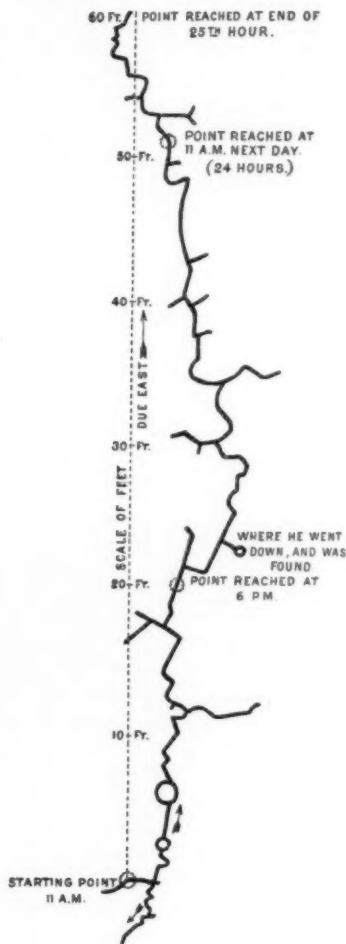
FORE PART OF A MOLE'S BODY.



MUSCLES OF THE FORE PART.

is said to delight in such garden vegetables as sweet potatoes, beets, carrots, white potatoes, and, in fact, almost any root that is soft enough to eat.

In the corn-fields, the Indiana boys say the moles play havoc with the seed-corn when it is soft and sprouting in May, and that often a mole will follow up a corn-row for a rod or two, and eat every grain as he goes, until he has had enough.



MAP OF A MOLE'S BURROW.

I called up some of the farmers' boys of mole-land, and inquired of them who could tell me from personal observation about the home ranch of the mole. A bright young lad named Lawrence Miller responded with a full description of a mole's home that he had once

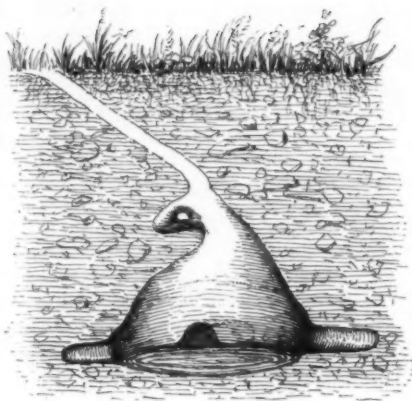


DIAGRAM OF THE MOLE'S HOME.

dug out, and he also made for me a diagram of it, which is reproduced on this page. He described it as a dome-shaped hole in the earth

in different directions. Near the top of the chamber was a sort of shelf, made by digging a pocket into the wall, on which was a handful of soft material, and which was evidently a bed whereon the young had lain. It was occupied by a mole at the very moment the interior of the burrow was exposed to view.

This burrow is much more simple in construction than the elaborate, many storied and many roomed "fortress" of the European Mole described by Mr. Bell, the mechanical construction of which must be truly wonderful.

Besides the COMMON MOLE, which inhabits the eastern United States generally, we have the PRAIRIE or SILVER MOLE of the prairie regions of the Mississippi Valley; the HAIRY-TAILED MOLE of the eastern United States; Townsend's OREGON MOLE of the Pacific Slope; and the STAR-NOSED MOLE of the northeastern United States and Canada. The



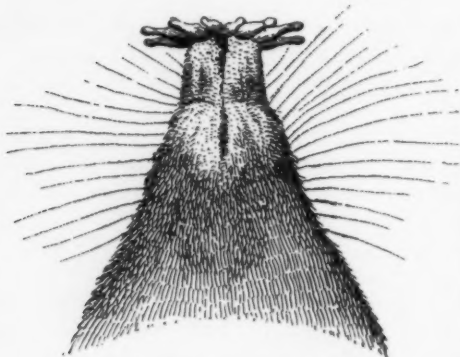
STAR-NOSED MOLE.

near the edge of a bank, about two feet below the surface, and reached from above by a hole that ran down slanting into its top. The burrow was about a foot wide at the bottom, where three small side galleries ran off about six inches

last-named species has a remarkable star-like appendage on the end of its nose. One other species and two sub-species complete the list.

After the moles comes another family of insect-eaters, called the SHREWS. There are now

twenty-seven recognized species and sub-species belonging to North America, and it is quite probable that a good many new species remain to be discovered. These are all tiny creatures, no larger than mice, and very mouse-like in form, the principal external differences being found in their long, slender noses, the absence of long external ears, and the diminutive size of the eyes. The differences that distinguish the various species are very slight, and it is out of the question to define them here.



TOP OF HEAD OF STAR-NOSED MOLE.



SOLE OF FOOT, STAR-NOSED MOLE.



FRONT VIEW OF NOSE.

The shrews have small, mouse-like fore feet, not at all fitted for digging, and they do not burrow in the earth as does the mole. They prefer to live in quiet woodlands, where ready-made holes are plentiful, under logs, tree-roots, and stones, where insects are abundant, and it is safe to go about. Strangely

enough, some species are quite aquatic in their habits, and make their homes in the brushwood that lines the banks of quiet streams or ponds, where aquatic insects thrive.

I am best acquainted with the SHORT-TAILED SHREW, or SHREW-MOLE as it is sometimes called. (Bla-ri'-na bre-vi-cau-da.)

While I cannot say for certain that it is as water-loving in its habits as the WATER-SHREW and some other species, I can vouch for the fact that it has water-tight external

WATER-SHREW.
(Ne-o-s'o'-rex nav'i-ga-tor.)

ears of wonderful construction. There is a large, movable lobe which serves to close the ear-opening as tightly as if a piece of rubber were glued over it, and the greater the pressure of water upon it, the tighter it will close. In diving, the ear closes instantly. The Short-Tailed Shrew is the largest of all American shrews, sometimes attaining four inches in length of head and body, with one inch of tail.

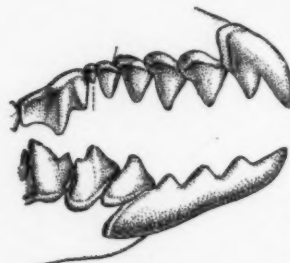


AMERICAN WATER-SHREW.

The shrews are distributed very generally throughout North America, from Central

Alaska to Costa Rica, and from one side of our big continent to the other. They inhabit all kinds of country, from the swamps to mountain-tops, hot and cold, wet and dry.

But notwithstanding the considerable number of species, and their wide distribution, they are so seldom seen, either abroad in the daytime, or at home, that very little is known of their habits, and much remains to be found out.



TEETH OF SHREW.

GRANDMOTHER'S SONG.

GRANDMOTHER'S voice was always mild,
And at every-day troubles she always smiled;

For she used to say

Frowns did n't pay,

As she had learned when the merest child.

And whenever we cried for a fancied wrong,

Grandmother used to sing this song:

"To-day, to-day,

Let's all be gay;

To-morrow

We may sorrow.

My dear, don't fret

For what's not yet;

For you make a trouble double
when you borrow."

Ah me! 't is many a lonesome year

Since grandmother's song has reached my ear;

And I sigh my sigh

For the days gone by,

For *you* went with them, grandmother dear.

But I still have left your quaint old song,

And that I shall sing and pass along:

"To-day, to-day,

Let's all be gay;

To-morrow

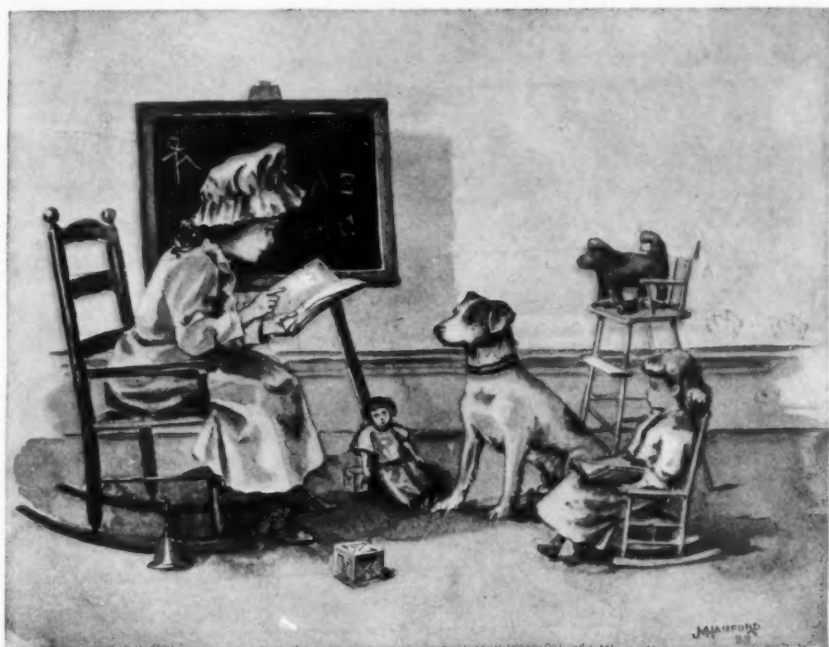
We may sorrow.

My dear, don't fret

For what's not yet;

For you make a trouble double
when you borrow."

J. Edmund V. Cooke.



"TAUGHT AT HOME."

RHYMES OF THE STATES.

BY GARRETT NEWKIRK.



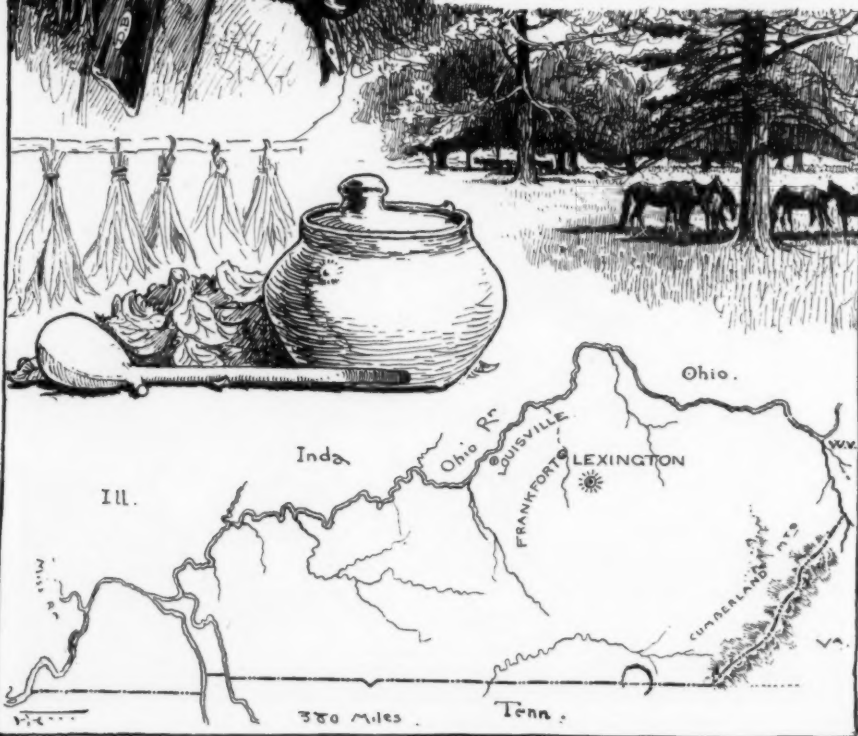
KENTUCKY.

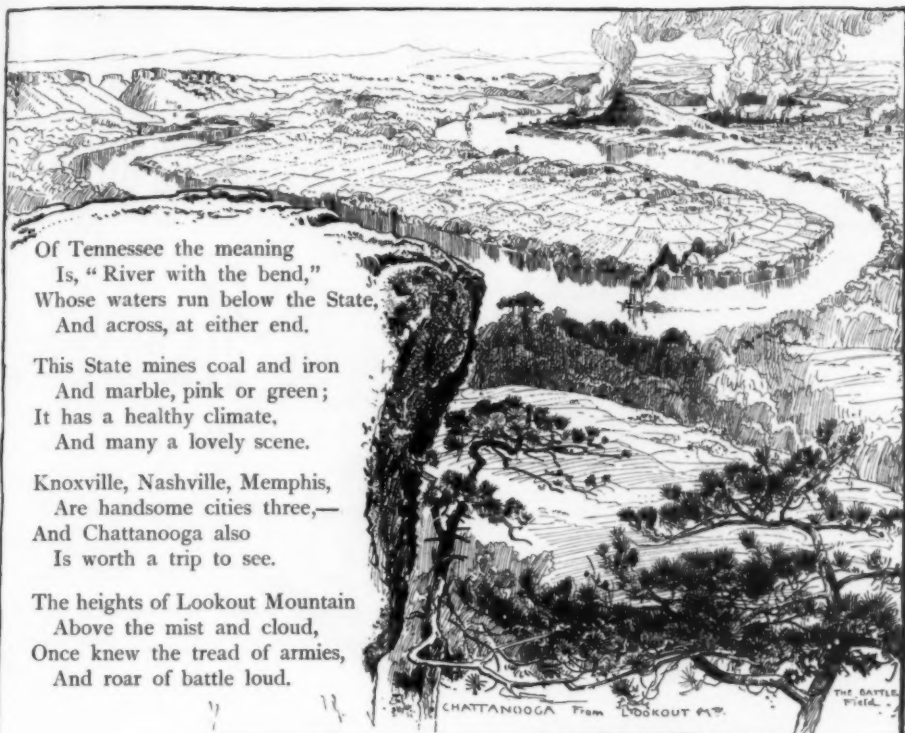
A mighty hunter — Daniel Boone —
There never was one bolder —
Went to Kentucky, all alone,
With his rifle on his shoulder.

Then he returned and brought his friends
To help him take possession:
Strong, hardy people, too, they were,
Of courage and discretion.

"The blue-grass region" of the State
Saw many a bloody battle:
T is famous for tobacco farms,
Fine horses, sheep, and cattle.

Kentucky has the Mammoth Cave,—
A palace under ground,—
And there the Echo River flows,
Where eyeless fish are found.



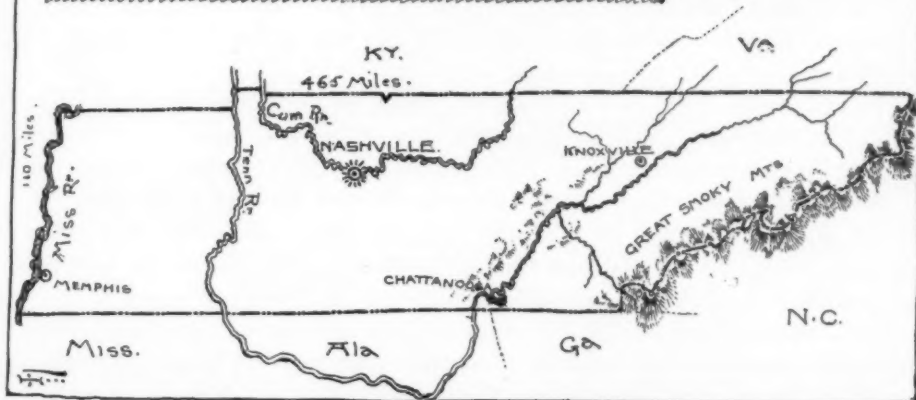
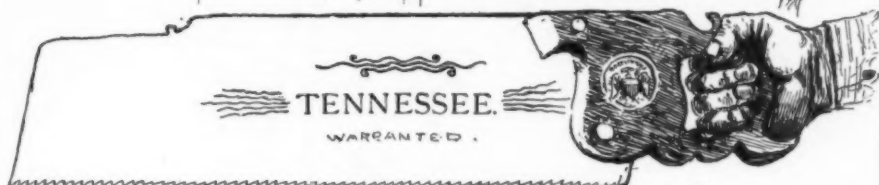


Of Tennessee the meaning
Is, "River with the bend,"
Whose waters run below the State,
And across, at either end.

This State mines coal and iron
And marble, pink or green;
It has a healthy climate,
And many a lovely scene.

Knoxville, Nashville, Memphis,
Are handsome cities three,—
And Chattanooga also
Is worth a trip to see.

The heights of Lookout Mountain
Above the mist and cloud,
Once knew the tread of armies,
And roar of battle loud.





BY ELLA FOSTER CASE.

ONCE upon a time there was a very small mouse with a very, very large opinion of himself. What he did n't know his own grandmother could n't tell him.

"You'd better keep a bright eye in your head, these days," said she, one chilly afternoon. "Your gran'ther has smelled a trap."

"Scat!" answered the small mouse;—"s if I don't know a trap when I see it!" And that was all the thanks she got for her good advice.

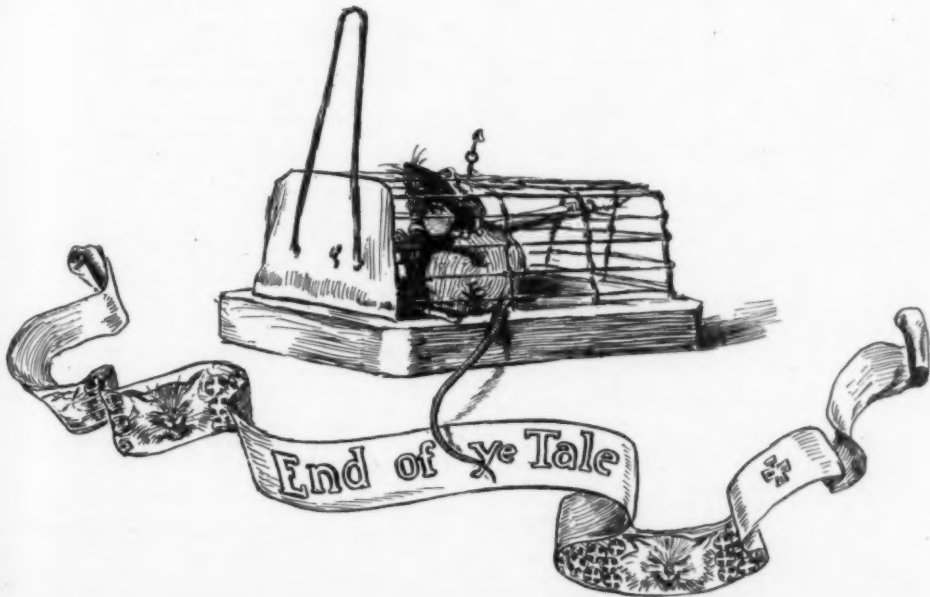
"Go your own way, for you will go no other," the wise old mouse said to herself; and she scratched her nose slowly and sadly as she watched her grandson scamper up the cellar stairs.

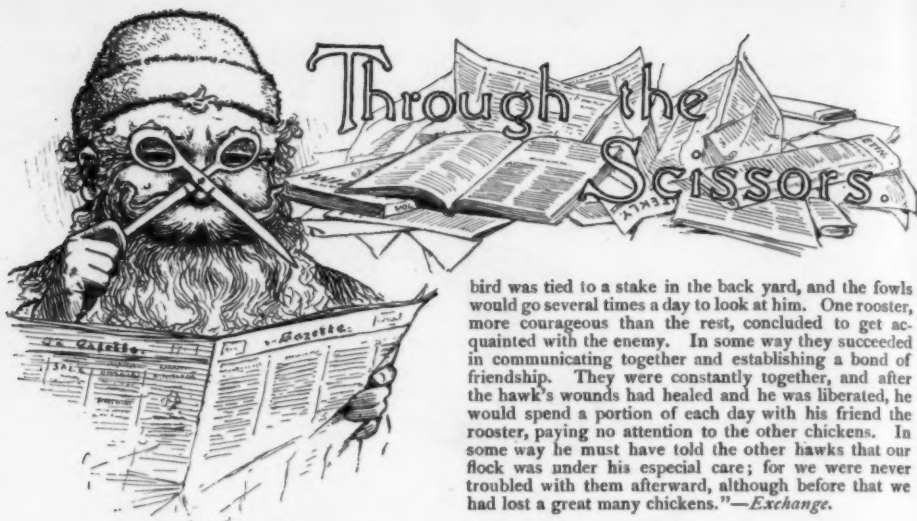
"Ah!" sniffed he, poking his whiskers into a crack of the dining-room cupboard, "cheese—as I'm alive!" Scuttle—scuttle. "I'll be squizzled, if it is n't in that cunning little house; I know what that is—a cheese-house, of

course. What a very snug hall! That's the way with cheese-houses. I know, 'cause I've heard the dairymaid talk about 'em. It must be rather inconvenient, though, to carry milk up that step and through an iron door. I know why it's so open—to let in fresh air. I tell you, that cheese is good! Kind of a reception-room in there—guess I know a reception-room from a hole in the wall. No trouble



at all about getting in, either. Would n't grandmother open her eyes to see me here! Guess I'll take another nibble at that cheese, and go out. What's that noise? What in squeaks is the matter with the door? This is a cheese-house, I know it is,—but what if it should turn out to be a—O-o-ō-eeee!" And that's just what it did turn out to be.





THE LITTLE DOG'S CHAMPION.

THE following amusing story of how a big dog championed the cause of a little one was told by William Fitzgerald of Boston:

"I knew a farmer, who lived a few miles from Boston, who used to come to the city every day to sell produce. This man had two dogs — one a big powerful mastiff, which used to guard the premises while the farmer was away; and the other a bright little terrier that always rode to market on the seat with his master.

"One day, when the farmer stopped at a house on the way to deliver some vegetables, a large dog rushed out of the yard, seized the little terrier by the neck, and would have killed him but for the timely interference of his master. The next day, when a mile or so on his way to market, the man discovered that the big dog was following the wagon. He ordered him back, but the dog would not obey; he cut him with his whip, but still the dog remained resolute. Finally the farmer gave it up, and continued on his way.

"When they came to the scene of the conflict of the previous day, the same large dog flew out again to attack the little one. Whereupon the big dog, who had concealed himself under the wagon to await developments, fell upon the enemy with such fury that it was with difficulty he could be restrained from making an end of him altogether. All this time the little terrier was perched upon the seat almost barking his heart out for joy. After the dogs were separated, the big one evidently regarded his mission as fulfilled, as he at once trotted home by himself." — *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*.

A PECULIAR FRIENDSHIP.

"THE most peculiar friendship I ever saw formed was one between a hawk and a rooster," said a traveler recently. "One day, when living on a farm in western Pennsylvania, I shot and wounded a hawk. When I picked up the bird I found that its wings were broken, but otherwise it was uninjured. My sister begged that the creature's life be spared, and the request was granted. Within a few days the hawk had become quite tame, and would come to us for its food when we called it. The chickens were greatly frightened at its presence, and kept up considerable fuss. This soon wore off, and in a short time its presence was taken as a matter of course. The

bird was tied to a stake in the back yard, and the fowls would go several times a day to look at him. One rooster, more courageous than the rest, concluded to get acquainted with the enemy. In some way they succeeded in communicating together and establishing a bond of friendship. They were constantly together, and after the hawk's wounds had healed and he was liberated, he would spend a portion of each day with his friend the rooster, paying no attention to the other chickens. In some way he must have told the other hawks that our flock was under his especial care; for we were never troubled with them afterward, although before that we had lost a great many chickens." — *Exchange*.

JOHNNY FRESH, ON EASY WRITING.

BY ANNA C. MURPHY.

I DON'T believe 't was hard to do,
When Homer wrote of Troy;
There were no rules for him to watch,
No grammars to annoy.
He had no slang to guard against,
He spelt the easiest way;
The subjects were not threadbare then,
Because he had first say.

And Dante had it easy, too,
In Florence when he wrote;
He made each phrase as he went on;
There were no words to quote.
The common talk of every day
Was good enough to use;
"Too trite" was something never heard;
There were no terms to choose.

Old Chaucer had no task at all;
He wrote what came along;
He put down just what people said,
And could n't spell words wrong.
You see no one had tried before
To write this brand-new speech,
So Chaucer fixed it his own way
For all the schools to teach.

It was n't bad when Shakspeare lived;
The right no one could tell;
There were no dictionaries then —
No wonder he wrote well.
Now it gets harder all the time;
Each word must mean just so;
The very turn you'd like the best
Is one that will not go.

— *Journal of Education*.

FOOT-BALL A ROUGH GAME THREE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

FOOT-BALL kickers and kickers against foot-ball may both find it interesting that in England nearly 300 years ago, King James I., by decree, "did debarre all rough and

violent exercises, as the football, meeter for laming than making able the users thereof." Waller, the English poet, says of the game that the players "salute so rudely breast to breast, their encounter seems too rough for jest." The game was not in favor at court three centuries before King James; for Edward III. is on record as preferring archery to foot-ball, as the more useful and warlike game. But neither of the two kings named ever saw a really scientific game, such as they might see if they were privileged to sit on the bleaching boards at Manhattan Field these days.—*Exchange*.

THE PROFESSOR'S OBJECT-LESSON.

A PUPIL of the late Professor Billroth, in a communication to the *Kleine Zeitung*, says that the great surgeon used to tell his young hearers in the lecture-room that the two main faults of surgeons were a neglect of the gift of observation, and a self-satisfied delusion that they practised it. He had a favorite experiment with which he used sometimes to test the presence or absence of this gift in new pupils. "Now, gentlemen," he would say, "look at me, and do exactly what I do." He would then thrust one of his fingers into a basin of dirty water, raise his hand to his mouth, and stick one of his fingers between his lips. All his hearers, as they imagined, thereupon imitated him. "Ah, gentlemen," Billroth would then say, "what a defect of observation! You have not observed that I put my forefinger into the dirty water, and placed my second finger into my mouth. You have all placed the same finger in your mouth which you had thrust into the dirty water."—*Evening Post, N. Y.*

HEAVY COST OF SALVAGE AT SEA.

ENORMOUS sums have to be paid as salvage money to the rescuers of ocean steamships when they are disabled at sea, and probably this is a more fruitful source of expense to the large companies than any other. On her first voyage the "City of New York" (as she was then called) ran ashore off Sandy Hook, and it cost the company \$100,000 to float her off. In 1890 her sister ship, the "City of Paris," broke her engines off the Irish coast, and was towed into port at an expense of \$30,000 as salvage money.

The "City of Boston" broke her shaft in 1882, and it cost the company \$46,500 to get her into port; and the "Venezuela" of the Red D Line stuck on the Brigantine Shoals off New Jersey in 1889, so that the company had to spend \$40,000 to get her off. The "City of Richmond" was towed into Halifax harbor in 1882 at an expense of \$35,000. The list could be largely extended, showing that the amount of salvage money paid for rendering services to disabled steamers at sea is so enormous that it almost equals the loss entailed by injuries to our wooden vessels. The loss of life is less. It is quite rare that an ocean steamer is submerged beneath the waves so that the crew and passengers are lost, but when such an accident does happen the destruction is appalling.—*Home and Country*.

THE OLDEST WAR-SHIP IN AMERICA.

IS IT NOT THE FRIGATE "CONSTELLATION," BUILT IN 1796, AND STILL IN SERVICE?

NEW LONDON, CONN.—After reading the story in the *Sun* concerning America's oldest ship, which was supposed to be the frigate "Constitution," built in 1797,

a member of Jibboom Club No. 1, began search among the archives of the club for an older craft.

New London's Jibboom Club contains more marine authorities and ship captains than any similar organization outside of New York or Boston.

The member finally antedated the disabled old Constitution's age by one year, after a prolonged search. He found that the United States frigate "Constellation," now in service, was built at Gosport, Va. in 1796, and rebuilt in 1854.

The Constellation is intimately associated with New London history. About seventy years ago, while cruising in the Pacific Ocean, she rescued from drowning the late Captain "Nat" Richards and his crew of whalemens from this port. Captain Richards was one of New London's luckiest and most adventurous whalers. About four years ago, or just before his death, the Constellation visited this harbor, and Captain Richards visited the gallant old ship, and was received with especial honors.—*N. Y. Sun*.

A DOG WITH EYE-GLASSES.

PEDESTRIANS on Market street this morning jostled each other to see a novel sight. A huge dog, with a sleek drab skin and generally contented look, plodded along the thoroughfare wearing spectacles of large size astride his shapely nose. The dog was not at all inconvenienced, seemingly; and apparently was not aware that he was doing anything out of the ordinary, as he critically surveyed the public through the spectacle-glasses. The spectacles were much too large for any human being, and probably were made with glasses without magnifying power, at the order of some waggish owner.—*San Francisco Bulletin*.

FIGHT BETWEEN A LION AND HIS TRAINER.

A VICIOUS lion on exhibition at Wilkesbarre, Penn., attacked his trainer, who, after a desperate fight, managed to escape with his life. The lion, a black-maned African named "Wallicker," is vicious and surly. "Professor" Veno, his trainer, has twice been attacked before. This time he went into the cage and tried to make the lion go through some of his exercises; but when the "Professor" whipped him, the lion bit at the man's legs. The teeth just scratched the skin, and the "Professor" got out of the cage.

An hour later he once more tried to get the animal to perform. The "Professor" used the whip, and the lion, aroused to fury, sprang upon him and buried his teeth in his thigh. Veno had no weapons, but dashed the small shield in his hand into the lion's face until the beast opened his jaws. Attendants had by this time partly driven the lion into a corner with poles and iron bars, and Veno tried to rise and escape, but the animal again sprang on him. Veno put up his arm to guard his throat, and the lion caught the hand in his mouth.

Then followed a terrible struggle, man and beast rolling over on the floor of the cage from one end to the other, while the attendants were unable to use their poles for fear of hitting Veno. At last the "Professor" managed to shake himself loose, and rolled to the door, while the lion was held in one corner by iron bars thrust through the cage. Attendants dragged the "Professor" through the door just as he fainted. Physicians were summoned, and his wounds were dressed.—*N. Y. Tribune*.

REPORT CONCERNING THE "BLACK BEAR HUNT."

IN the July number of ST. NICHOLAS, page 836, three prizes were offered for answers to the question, "What parts of North America have been inhabited by the black bear during the last fifteen years?" The first prize was \$15 and an autograph copy of Mr. Hornaday's "Two Years in the Jungle"; the second prize, the same author's work on "Taxidermy" and \$10; and the third prize was \$5. The awards were to be made in the Christmas number, but it was found best to defer the examination of the competing lists until later. Here is Mr. Hornaday's report:

THE ST. NICHOLAS BEAR HUNT.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have before me the results of the great midsummer hunt for American black bears, undertaken by some of your bright boys and girls in competition for the prizes offered in the July number.

The lists of localities inhabited by this animal, and the accompanying correspondence, have all been carefully tabulated, like election returns, weighed, sifted, and boiled down, regardless of the awful expenditure of midnight oil. I think we have done exact justice to all. Many times we have been obliged to "put in our best licks," in order to find some of the places mentioned, and to make a clear tabulation of results; but in the presence of such evidences of industry as these lists afford, I would be ashamed to be lazy.

To me the result of this experimental excursion into the great field of nature has been a great and very agreeable surprise. I had no expectation of seeing such thorough and even scholarly work done, in an entirely new field of study, by young people under seventeen years of age. The list of localities submitted by the winner of the first prize would do credit to a college professor, and that the second prize should be won fairly and squarely by a little girl of *twelve*, whose list of 86 localities locates the black bear in 28 States and provinces, is simply admirable.

The lists submitted show earnest, persevering, and intelligent work. I think the published results will be as great a surprise to our professional naturalists as it has been to me; for I am sure the black bear has never before been thus thoroughly and systematically hunted down. If I can find the time in which to do it, I will prepare and send to the great Sportsmen's Exposition to be held in New York next spring, a large map showing the combined result of our great bear hunt.

The following statement, and the subjoined map of Edwin I. Haines's results, may be regarded as "official." In the preparation of the map it has been found quite impossible to indicate on a map of this size more than about one fourth of the localities given. W. T. HORNADAY.

BUFFALO, Dec. 1, 1894.

THE HOME OF THE AMERICAN BLACK BEAR.

PRIZE-WINNERS' RECORD.

Awards: First prize, Edwin I. Haines, New Rochelle, N. Y., age 16.

Second prize, Margaret Jean Hutchings, Detroit, Mich., age 12.

Third prize, Harold S. Conant, Gloucester, Mass.

Highly commended, Alice C. Robinson, Denver, Colorado.

Highly commended, Arthur J. Huey, Newark, N. J.

Highly commended, Mabel C. Macomber, W. Roxbury, Mass., age 13.

Highly commended, Jesse Clapp, Syracuse, N. Y.

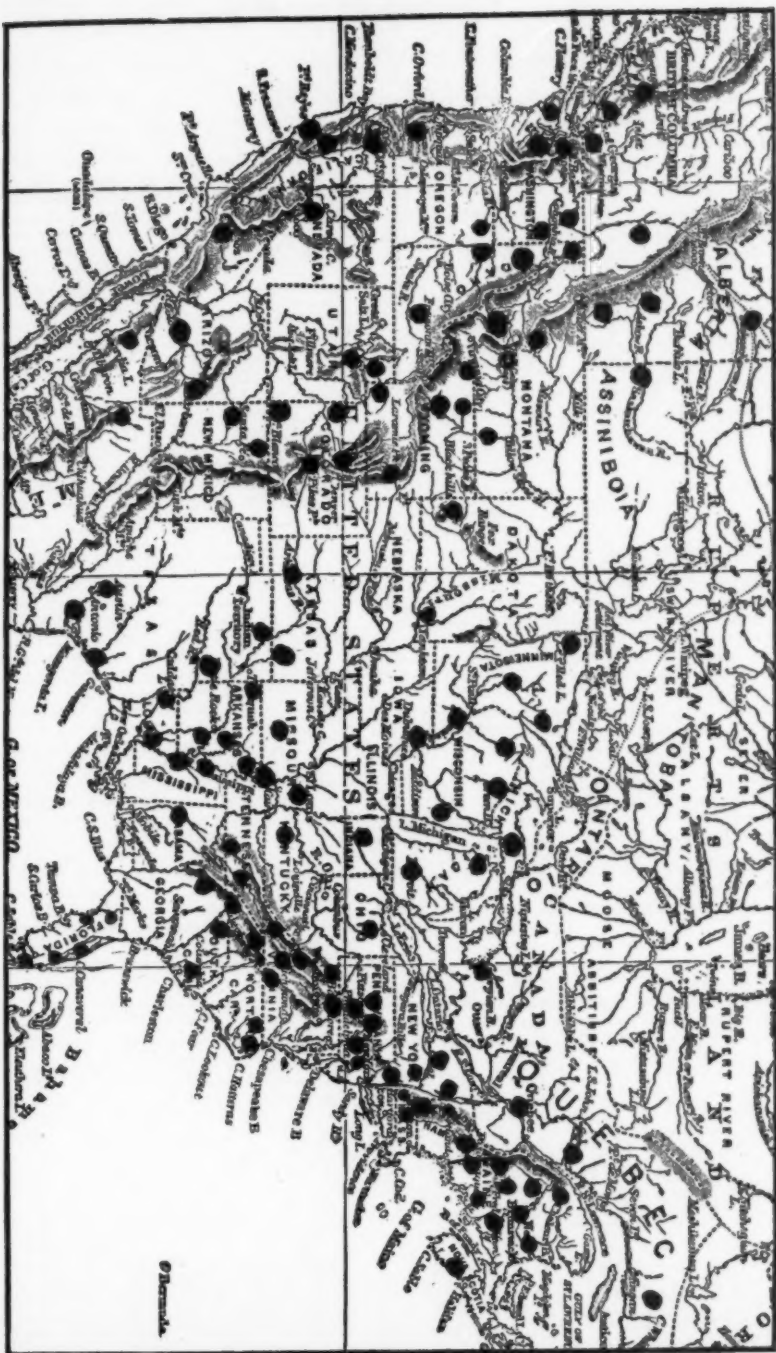
Highly commended, H. F. Scribner, Melrose, Mass.

Good lists were also received from Winifred Miller, Eugene City, Oregon; Sarah Pratt, Fredonia, N. Y.; and Marguerite Smith, W. 159th st., New York. Clair Livingston, of Fort Rouge, Winnipeg, contributes a very well written and interesting essay on the black bear; and Alice Streater, of Garrettsville, Ohio, sends a short list with the plucky declaration, "I at least tried!"

Tabulation of Prize-Winners' Lists.

(Only one mention of a given county is allowed to count.)

States and Provinces inhabited by the Black Bear during the last 15 years.	Edwin I. Haines.	Margaret J. Hutchings.	Harold S. Conant.	States and Provinces—continued.	Edwin I. Haines.	Margaret J. Hutchings.	Harold S. Conant.
Alabama	1			New Hampshire	3	2	1
Alaska	3	2	2	New Mexico	5	3	1
Arizona	3	1		New York	13	6	3
Arkansas	7	1	1	North Carolina	8		1
California	9	3	1	Ohio	1		
Colorado	10	3	0	Oregon	7	3	
North Dakota	1			Pennsylvania	7	0	1
South Dakota	1	1		South Carolina	2	1	
Florida	5		2	Tennessee	2		
Georgia	1			Texas	4	1	
Idaho	6	3		Utah	2	1	
Illinois	1			Vermont	4		1
Indiana	1			Virginia	8	2	2
Indian Territory	2			Washington	13	4	2
Iowa	1			West Virginia	2	1	2
Kansas	1			Wisconsin	5	0	1
Kentucky	1		1	Wyoming	0	1	2
Louisiana	3			Nova Scotia	1		1
Maine	20	9	6	New Brunswick	9	1	3
Maryland	1			Labrador			1
Massachusetts	2		1	Quebec	4		
Michigan	6	14		Ontario	2	4	1
Minnesota	8	3	2	Alberta	4		
Mississippi	10			Br. Columbia	3	3	2
Missouri	3			Assiniboia	1		
Montana	7	2	1	N. W. Territory	1		1
Nebraska	1			Mexico	2	3	
Nevada	1						
				Total Localities	234	86	43
				Total States and Provinces	54	28	26



MAP SHOWING THE RANGE OF THE AMERICAN BLACK BEAR (*URSUS AMERICANUS*) BETWEEN THE YEARS 1896 AND 1894. COMPILED FROM FACTS FURNISHED BY ST. NICHOLAS
BY EDWIN LIVING HAINES, SEPTEMBER 15, 1894.
ADDITIONAL LOCATIONS GIVEN. MACKENZIE RIVER BASIN, N. W. TERRITORY; STEAMER HAY, ALASKA; NITLATO, ALASKA; ATRDAENOVSKI, ALASKA.

THE LETTER-BOX.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

In the "Rhymes of the States" the rhyme on Georgia describes Savannah as "the largest city in the State." As many of our readers know, Atlanta, with a population of more than 65,500, is entitled to that distinction, since Savannah's population is but 43,000. Savannah is the largest *seaport*, and that word should be read instead of the word *city*. The mistake was not due to the author of the lines.

THE engraving on page 312 of this number of St. NICHOLAS was made for this magazine from a copy of a painting by Madame Ronner, a Dutch artist especially celebrated for her studies of the life and character of cats. This, with others of her pictures, appears also in the beautiful volume entitled, "Henriette Ronner," published by Cassell & Co. in England, and by The Century Co. in this country.

TUNBRIDGE WELLS, KENT.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to tell you about all that I have seen this last summer. We first went to Guernsey, and from there to the New Forest; we took nice long drives through it to King Rufus's Stone and Beaulieu, which is very interesting, with its old clock-tower, ruined abbey, and tiny little church which has a stone pulpit in the wall, with steps leading up to it.

In the Isle of Wight we went to Carisbrooke Castle, and saw the window of the room where Charles the First was imprisoned, and also the room where the Princess Elizabeth, Charles the First's daughter, died in 1650.

We saw Corfe Castle, in the Isle of Purbeck, later on. After that we went to Christchurch, where there was a very little Leper's Window.

Salisbury and Wells cathedrals we also saw. Salisbury had very old gateways that led into the pretty close, in the middle of which was the lovely cathedral. At Wells there was a funny old clock in the cathedral, with the sun, moon, and stars; and every hour some knights in armor went round in opposite directions riding, and a man kicked with his feet a bell.

Your loving reader, EDITH DE LISLE Q—

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have taken you for nearly fourteen years. I was born in Washington twelve years ago, but we have lived here about nine years. Asheville is a small but growing city of ten thousand inhabitants.

Mr. George Vanderbilt's famous mansion is about five miles from where we live. I have been there a great many times. It is a treat to go out there. You can spend the day "looking," and go back the next day and see something new, everything is on such a large scale.

Mr. Vanderbilt was here not long ago, but he does not stay long. He has a private car called "Swannanoa," after one of the rivers here. We were up on Mitchell's Peak this summer; we were 'way up above St. NICHOLAS then. It is very cold up there. Yours truly,

GEO. A. R—

LAS OVÉJAS, NUEVA AUSTRALIA COLONIA, PARAGUAY, SOUTH AMERICA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My father, mother, two sisters, and a brother-in-law came here from South Australia.

Two of our brothers had come before. We left a beautiful home in New Glenelg. I wrote to you once from there, about my cat. We have taken you, dear St. NICHOLAS, for many years, and I am twelve, although I can't write well. I want you to thank Palmer Cox for his Brownie stories, please. My father and mother used to read them to me when I was a little girl; also thank Mrs. Jamison for that lovely tale "Toinette's Philip"; it is as beautiful as "Little Lord Fauntleroy." I have a doll just like Ceddie. This is a lovely place, lots of lovely trees, flowers, butterflies, birds, fireflies, and firegrubs. The railway-grub has a red light at one end, green at the other, and rows of white lights down each side. I don't think you will have had a letter from New Australia before; but all the children here will soon know you, for I take you to school. You are going to be sent to me from South Australia. My brother teaches the school, and he has known you since he was a very, very little boy. Once a year I used to be taken to the children's hospital, and I left you with them. Peter Newell's pictures I enjoy very much. I never get tired of showing them to my friends. I left my lovely cat at home; he would not leave the house. I had his likeness taken before I left.

We have a beautiful band here, and nearly all the children learn to sing. From WYN. E. N. B—

MOKEUMNE HILL, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Formerly we lived in Portland, Oregon, and left this last year just before the flood, which covered the streets nearest the river.

We first went to Oakland, where we stayed ten days, during which time we visited the Midwinter Fair. The Japanese village interested me most.

There are but two children in our family. I am the oldest, eleven; and my brother's age is four.

Then we went to a ranch and mine combined, where we stayed a few months. I went down a shaft two hundred feet deep in a great iron bucket.

Then we came here. We brought two cats and a dog with us. There are burros running loose all around here, and if you want a ride you can go and catch one, which is easier said than done, for they often present their heels.

As we have been moving about for quite a while, I have not received my magazines for six months; but I look forward with pleasure to the time when I shall get my bound volume.

From a devoted reader, who hopes you will prosper.
MARGARET W—

We thank the young friends whose names follow for pleasant letters received from them: Laura P., Marie O. A., Katherine J. H., Ruby B. H., L. E. R., Annie W. W., Hazel van W., Lottie S., May de B., Louise P., Mary H., Alice L., Gussie F., Grace B. and Marie G., Bessie C., S. E. R., Walter S. P., Suzanne C. G., Robert K., Anna W. J., Etta O. E., Margaret B. G., Walter C., Mary B. W., E. C. Stone, W. L. L., M. A. L. S., Alberta E. B., Juliette P. C., Helen B., Katharine J. H., Park J. J., Ethel A. W., Harry W., Helen Cecil L., Amelia W., Poppy and Sheila S. T., Clarence C. D., Bessie F., Ida Q., Harry L. A., Winifred P. K., Leonard B. M., Esther MacM., Etelka S., Wilbur van H., Milton S. G., Leroy W. P., Estelle S., Harriet B. D., McK., Carrie E., Christine S., Lila L., Mollita B. D., Philip N. W., George H. R., Bronson C., Laura A. W., Mildred H. G., Frank A. C., Gem S., Edna W., Julia G. E., Minnie L. S., Edward W. H., Florence McC.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER.

ILLUSTRATED PRIMAL ACROSTIC. Wagner. Cross-words: 1. Wings. 2. Armor. 3. Globe. 4. Nests. 5. Easel. 6. Roses.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Rudyard Kipling. Cross-words: 1. Rock. 2. Ulai. 3. Drop. 4. Yawl. 5. Abil. 6. Rein. 7. Drag.

ANAGRAMS. Amos Bronson Alcott and Louisa May Alcott. CONNECTED WORD-SQUARES. I. 1. Acerb. 2. Cupel. 3. Epode. 4. Redan. 5. Blend. II. 1. Dwarf. 2. Wager. 3. Agree. 4. Reels. 5. Fresh.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

Oh merry midnight bells, ring blithely, ring,
Wake with your breathless peal the startled night,
High in your belfry in mad frolic swing.

ZIGZAG. "Sage of Monticello." Cross-words: 1. Stun. 2. Kale.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER were received, before November 15th, from M. McG. — A. M. J. — Paul Reese — "Bunny-boy" — G. B. Dyer — Josephine Sherwood — Pearl F. Stevens — W. L. — "Highmount Girls" — "The Spencers" — Mama, Isabel, and Jamie — L. O. E. — "Hilltop Farm" — "Midwood" — Hubert L. Bingay — Louise Ingham Adams — Jack and George A. — Addison Neil Clark — Jo and I — Two Little Brothers — H. Katharine Brainerd and Cora Ellen Smith — J. L. and R. L. — "Philemon and Baucis" — Marjory Gane — Jessie Chapman and John Fletcher — "Tod and Yam" — "Tip-cat."

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER were received, before November 15th, from V. Westcott, 1 — Bertha G. Martin, 1 — "Very Smart Girl," 7 — Katharine D. Hull, 1 — Don B. Sebastian, 1 — Arethusa Roas, 1 — Lynne C. D'Oyle, 7 — Virginia Schaefer, 1 — Leila McGowan, 1 — Royal D. Thomas, 1 — Mary L. Austin, 1 — E. B. "Y. M. C. A.," 1 — Mama and Sadie, 8 — Ralph B. Mason, 1 — Clara A. Anthony, 8 — Anna Herrick, 3 — "Crocus," 1 — Bertha G. Martin, 1 — Eloise Bassett, 3 — Margaret and Mary Bright, 1 — Joseph Nelson Carter, 4 — Jessie B. Adams, 1 — "The Butterflies," 8 — Effie K. Talboys, 6 — Blanche and Fred, 8 — "Muriel and Papa," 6 — "Will O. Tree," 7 — E. Padelford Taft, 1 — Albert Smith Taught, 7 — Helen R., 6 — Leila Alden, 2 — Helen A. Sturdy, 7 — Norman and Alice McGay, 5 — "Brownie Band," 8 — R. O. B., 4 — F. W. Patterson, 2 — H. V. J., 1 — "Merry and Co.," 8 — Jeffrey Parsons, 7 — Harry and Helene, 7 — Augusta Walsh, 1.

RHYMED NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

ALTHOUGH he writes of 12-13-7-9-5, his tales are never
3-5-6-8.

He's just as open as the 7-5-4, as merry as a 11-5-6-8;
Though lions 10-11-5-4 in jungles, and tigers 11-2-1-8
in shade,

And 14-6-5-4 wolves 14-1-9-13 2-13-8-12-13-7-11-4
no 1-2-3-7-4 child's afraid,
Though elephant, and jackal, and ape, that missing 11-
9-13-8,

Come in the 11-2-6-12-3 moonlight, down to the 1-9-
11-11 to 7-1-12-13-8.

Long may his jolly poems 6-9-13-14, his 14-5-4 pen
3-2-11-4 10-11-4,

For of story-tellers he is 8-12-13-14, may his 9-13-8
never 6-2-13 3-1-4. L. E. JOHNSON.

HOOR-GLASS.

THE central letters, reading downward, will spell the name of a distinguished American journalist who was born in February, 1811.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Fabulous animals, generally regarded as very powerful and ferocious. 2. To roll or sway suddenly to one side. 3. To ask earnestly for. 4. In elegant. 5. A measure for cloth. 6. To mislead. 7. Earnest requests or entreaties.

PENTAGONS.

I. 1. A LETTER. 2. To disfigure. 3. Pertaining to a wall. 4. A large artery. 5. Somewhat. 6. Loyal. 7. The nest of a squirrel.

II. 1. A letter. 2. To consume. 3. The thin air which

3. Huge. 4. Jute. 5. Hoot. 6. Afar. 7. Mote. 8. Coot. 9. Lank. 10. Twit. 11. Brim. 12. Acid. 13. Epic. 14. Also. 15. Dolt. 16. Polo.

BRREADINGS. Burgoyne. 1. Ballot. 2. U-sage. 3. R-elate. 4. G-round. 5. O-pinion. 6. Y-arrow. 7. N-ode. 8. E-land.

DIAMOND. 1. B. 2. Cat. 3. Baked. 4. Ten. 5. D.

NOVEL ACROSTIC. Sheridan. Cross-words: 1. Clutches. 2. Twilight. 3. Nineteen. 4. Shamrock. 5. Praising. 6. Roderick. 7. Canonize. 8. Navigate.

CHARADE. Spar-row.

OBLIQUE RECTANGLE. 1. C. 2. Ire. 3. Crypt. 4. Ephod. 5. Togal. 6. Debar. 7. Darer. 8. Rebec. 9. Refer. 10. Cedar. 11. Racer. 12. Rebel. 13. Regal. 14. Lapel. 15. Levee. 16. Leman. 17. Eaves. 18. Neb. 19. S.

is supposed to pervade all space. 4. The Arabian prophet. 5. A place of worship. 6. To loosen. 7. A passage of Scripture. GEORGE S. S.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1	*	*	*	9
2	*	*	*	10
3	*	*	*	11
4	*	*	*	12
5	*	*	*	13
6	*	*	*	14
7	*	*	*	15
8	*	*	*	16

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A fish. 2. Additional. 3. Assisted. 4. Worn out. 5. The little wheel of a spur. 6. The tribe over which Boadicea reigned. 7. A certain coin. 8. To invest.

FROM 1 to 4, to surpass; from 5 to 8, a vegetable; from 1 to 8, a feminine name. From 9 to 12, artificially produced; from 13 to 16, to cover the inner surface of; from 9 to 16, a feminine name. L. W.

A RIDDLE.

My power is great, though small I be;
A doctor's charges I make free;
Of an evil spirit I make a friend;
I can tear apart, though I've but one end;
Of all that is bad I make a tack;
And a path I easily make of a tack;
With a bit of glass I can make good bread;
Yet I make but a scrap of a common shed;
An aged woman I make of a cone;
And a lazy creature when all is done;
To a shepherd's staff I transform a cook;
And any volume I change to a brook;
If for help you call, I make raid on you;
Though, if it were mine, I would pull you through.

ALICE I. HAZELTINE.

**ILLUSTRATED PRIMAL ACROSTIC.**

WHEN the five objects in the above illustration have been rightly guessed, and the names (each containing the same number of letters) written one below the other, the initial letters will spell the name of a State which was annexed to the Union fifty years ago.

ANAGRAM.

A FAMOUS American:

OLD MEN LOVE SHEER WILL.

TRIPLE ACROSTIC.

EACH of the following groups of letters may be transposed so as to form one word. When they have been rightly transposed, and placed one below another, the initial letters will spell a word meaning at one side; the central letters, a word meaning disposition; and the final letters, a word meaning delicate.

1. Tenbalk.
2. Canheen.
3. Existen.
4. Druasin.
5. Reviped.
6. Operrem.

H. W. E.

DIAMOND.

1. In laconic.
2. Wicked.
3. Whipped.
4. A title.
5. Ecclesiastical.
6. An inhabitant.
7. A Latin number.
8. Sunburn.
9. In laconic.
10. J. A. S.

RHYMED TRANSPOSITIONS.

THE letters of one word may be transposed to answer the four following questions:

1. A god much admired,
Though oft causing pain.
2. A queen in one portion
Of Nature's domain.
3. A troublesome ailment
That checks all our mirth.
4. I am brought, with great labor,
From the heart of the earth.

E. C. H.

ZIGZAG.

ALL of the words described contain the same number of letters. When these are rightly guessed, and placed one below another, in the order here given, the zigzag, beginning at the upper left-hand letter, will spell the name of a famous musician born in February, 1810.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A large river of Germany. 2. Another river of Germany. 3. Penetrating. 4. A crustacean. 5. An amphibious animal. 6. To boast. 7. A number. 8. The bill of a bird. 9. A beautiful Italian lake. 10. A town of Germany, and the scene of one of

Napoleon's victories. 11. A group of laborers under one foreman. 12. In a little while. 13. A benefaction. 14. The surname of a great French author. 15. To be silently sullen. 16. To wind spirally.

L. W.

AN ENIGMA.

IF rightly you place two A's and a V,
An L, two N's and an S,
Two E's and a V, T, D, and an I,
'T will give you much pleasure, I guess.

A. C. BANNING.

HIDDEN MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

1. HE raises wheat, rye, oats, corn, etc.
2. This is sauce for either goose or gander.
3. He has a strap; I, an old piece of rope.
4. A Turk wears a turban, John says.
5. Whisky and rum ruin many men.
6. I do dislike to see a rich man doling out his pennies.
7. This is certainly real amethyst.
8. I put the wasp in netting and watched its motions.
9. Yes, Inez, it heralds the brighter day.
10. Sir, I will walk in the path or near it.

ALICE I. H.

CONNECTED SQUARES.

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- I. UPPER SQUARE: 1. A pronoun. 2. Healthy.
3. Other. 4. Suitable.
- II. MIDDLE SQUARE: 1. A chair. 2. To engrave on metal. 3. A dull pain. 4. A pronoun.
- III. LOWER SQUARE: 1. In this place. 2. Watches intently. 3. To gather a harvest. 4. To catch sight of.

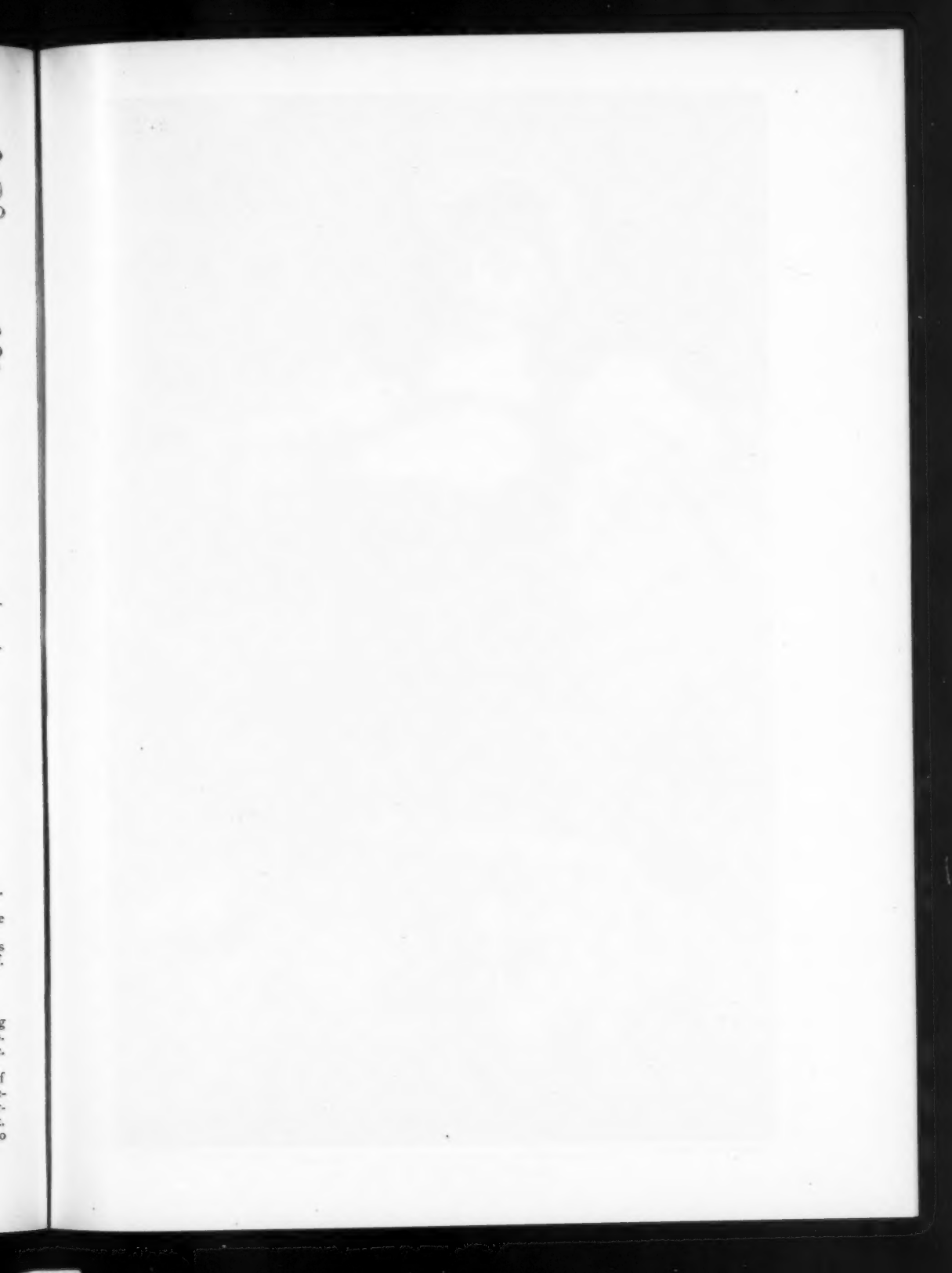
H. W. E.

PREFIXES AND SUFFIXES.

MAKE the following changes by prefixing and suffixing the same letter. Examples: Change a sound to rocks. Answer, s-tone-s. Change a feminine name to a title. Answer, m-ada-m.

1. Change a tree to thorns.
2. Change a kind of pastry to detectives.
3. Change a kind of meat to pretenses.
4. Change a pronoun to an exclamation of surprise.
5. Change the evening before a holiday to flat.
6. Change rended to supplies.
7. Change to hock to meditation.

ALICE I. H.





ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

FROM A PAINTING BY J. W. ALEXANDER.

PORTRAIT OF A CHILD.